JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 18

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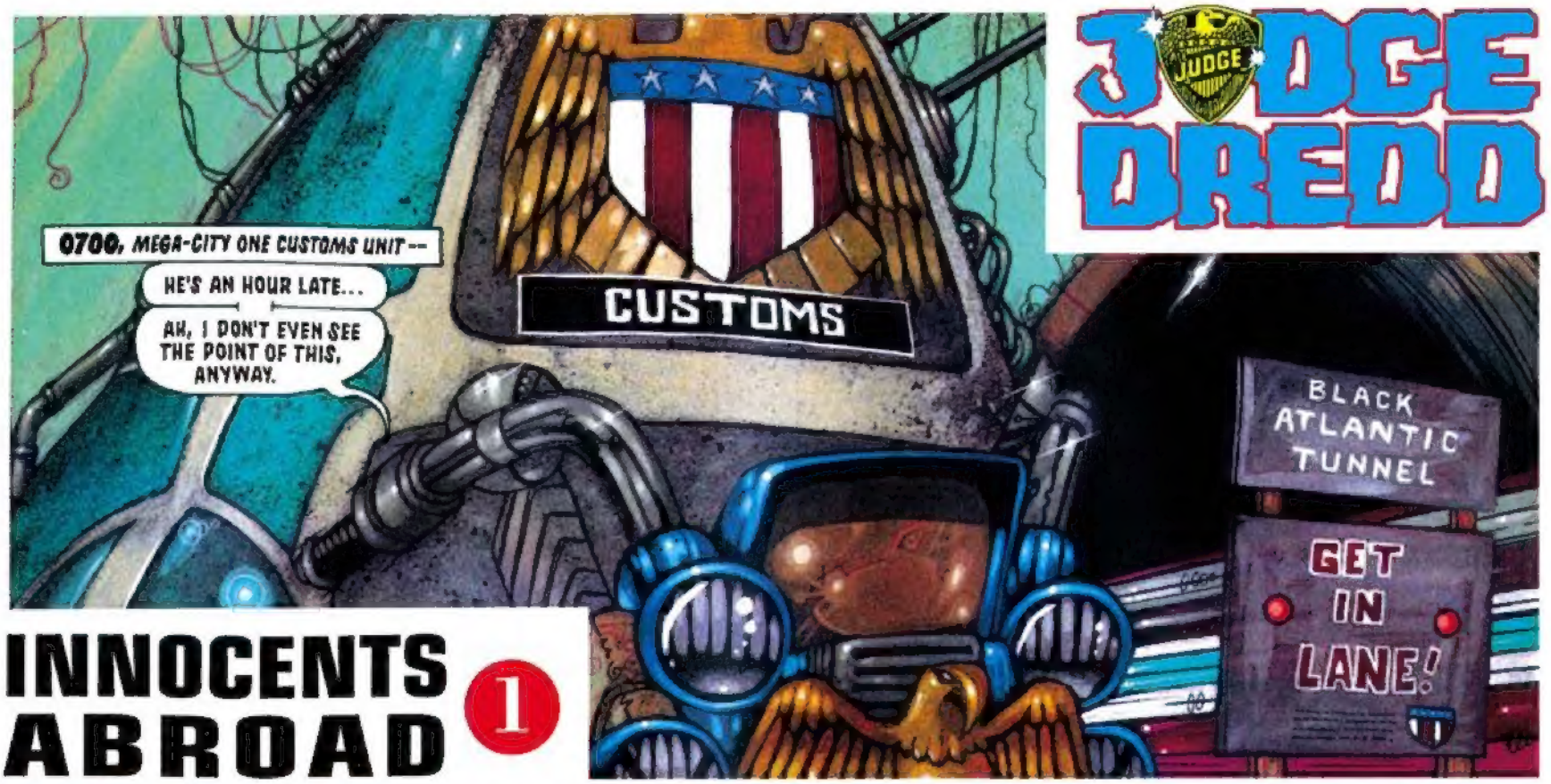
JUDGE DREDD

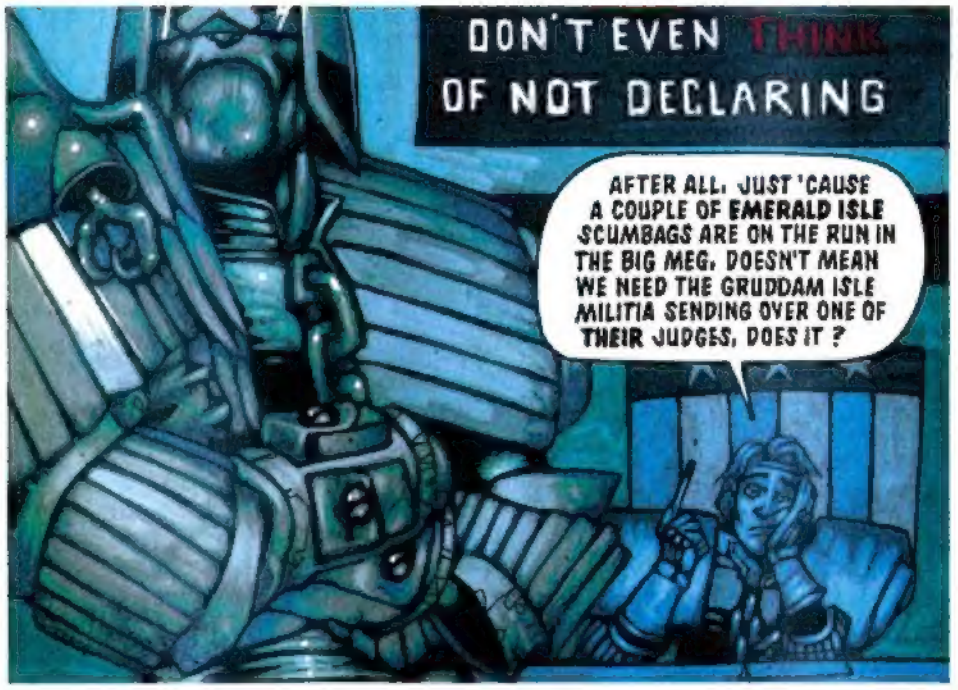
THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 18

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

INNOCENTS ABROAD 1





0800: THE BLACK ATLANTIC TUNNEL--

WELL, ISN'T THIS JUST **MARVELLOUS**, LIKE ?

BLACK ATLANTIC TUNNEL

'GO TO MEGA-CITY ONE', SAYS JUDGE-INSPECTOR MCGINTY. 'BRING BACK THEM O'DILLIGAN BROTHER HALLIONS,' HE SAYS. 'AND SEE AND GET ON WELL WITH THE YANKS -- YOUR MAN DREDD HELPED US IN THE **SONS OF ERIN** BUSINESS, AFTER ALL,' HE SAYS.

OH, **AYE**.

DIDN'T TELL ME HOW I WAS GONNA GET THERE ON THIS HAMES OF A THING, DID HE ?

BOOT!

AW... DROKK IT.

MIGHT

IT'S GONNA BE ONE O' **THOSE** DAYS.

0930. DOWNTOWN MEGA-CITY ONE--

WHAAAT?

O'DILLIGAN'S NIGHT CLUB

COME ON, DAVY! YOU'RE MEANT TO BE ME DOCTOR-- TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE, FOR GRUD'S SAKE!

I'M AFRAID IT'S ALL TRUE, MICKAH--ER, I MEAN, MR O'DILLIGAN.

IT'S AS THE TEST RESULTS SHOW-- YOU'VE CONTRACTED **MCSOD'S SYNDROME.**

IT'S NON-CONTAGIOUS, BUT IT ACCELERATES AND MUTATES YOUR CELL GROWTH TO A DRASTIC DEGREE AND YOUR BODY UNDERGOES CERTAIN...ER... CHANGES...

M'SOD'S BEFORE

M'SOD'S AFTER

CHANGES? YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!

THERE IS A CURE, MIND YOU-- **GOLD.**

IT NULLIFIES THE VIRUS COMPLETELY, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT VERY SOON INDEED. YOU MAY ONLY HAVE A FEW **HOURS.**

GOLD...? WHERE AM I GONNA GET ME HANDS ON **GOLD**? ALL ME MONEY'S TIED UP IN ME RACKETS, AN' I'LL NEVER GET ENOUGH TOGETHER.

DAVY, THIS IS TERRIBLE BAD NEWS...

SO I'M SHOOTIN' THE MESSENGER.

TELECOM

SO THIS IS **IT**... AW, HELL. I MEAN, THINGS JUST CAN'T GET ANY WORSE...

ER... MR O'DILLIGAN, THERE ARE TWO MEN HERE TO SEE YOU. THEY SAY-- **HEY!**

DON'T WORRY, LOVE -- HE KNOWS WHO **WE** ARE!

AYE! HE'LL REMEMBER HIS OWN **BROTHERS**. WON'T HE?

WHA-?

Doolittle

PADDY! FRANCIE! WHAT ARE YOU TWO HEAD-THE-BALLS DOIN' **HERE**?

AW, WOULD YOU LISTEN TO HIM?

COME ON NOW, MICKAH! IS THAT ANY WAY TO WELCOME YOUR BIG BROTHERS?

THING IS, MICKAH, WE'RE ON THE **RUN**... WEE BIT O' BOTHER BACK HOME ON THE ISLE, AN' THE JUDGES ARE AFTER US.

SO WE THOUGHT WE'D COME TO THE BIG MEG AN' VISIT YOU, LIKE. YOU DON'T MIND US HIDIN' OUT HERE, DO YOU?

MIND?

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! FIRST THE DOC TELLS ME I'M TURNIN' INTO A LUMP OF **BOKE** -- THEN **YOU TWO** SHOW UP AN' ASK ME IF YOU CAN HIDE OUT HERE! YOU THAT USED TO BEAT THE HELL OUTTA ME WHEN WE WERE WEE!

THIS IS THE ONLY HELP YOU'RE GETTIN' OUTTA ME, YOU PAIR OF SPACERS!

JOYCE IS THREE HOURS LATE NOW, CONTROL. I DON'T HAVE TIME TO GO LOOKING FOR HIM.

RESUMING PATROL.

HEY! DREDD!

SORRY I'M LATE, MATE! THE OUL' BIKE FELL TO BITS ON ME--HAD TO HITCH A RIDE!

NIX THAT LAST TRANSMISSION, CONTROL. HE'S HERE.

JOYCE.

AYE! GRUD ALMIGHTY, DREDD, THIS IS A QUARE BIG PLACE YOU'VE GOT HERE! LOOK AT THE STATE OF IT!

GOIN' TO SHOW ME AROUND?

NO. WE'LL LOAN YOU A LAWMASTER, THEN PICK UP THE O'DILLIGANS. NO SENSE IN YOU BEIN' HERE ANY LONGER THAN NECESSARY.

OH. RIGHT.

AND, IN THE CUSTOMS UNIT BIKE POOL--

...SO YOU CAN RELY ON THE COMPUTER MOST OF THE TIME, OKAY?

AYE, SURE. LET'S GIVE IT A TRY, EH?

WHOOOAH!

RRRRRRRRRRRR

GRUD ABOVE, DREDD! THAT THING MUST TAKE SOME GETTIN' USED TO!

YEAH...

YOU COULD USE SOME TRAINING WHEELS...

MEANWHILE, THE O'DILLIGAN FAMILY REUNION CONTINUES...

OH GRUD, NO! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO BEAT YOU UP AT SCHOOL, MICKAH!

NO, HONEST! ANYWAY, DON'T YOU WANNA KNOW WHY WE'RE ON THE RUN IN THE FIRST PLACE?

WE ROBBED A BANK, FOR DROKK'S SAKE!

WE BLEW IN THE WALL OF THE BANK OVER IN KILLESTER — FIGURED WE'D GET THE SAFE. LIKE. FEW STICKS OF BLAMTEX, NICE, SIMPLE, WEE JOB, Y'KNOW?

FIRST BANK OF MURPHYVILLE

PLUNGE

"THING IS, THOUGH, WE FORGOT THERE WAS A PETROL STATION NEXT DOOR TO THE BANK... NASTY WEE OVERSIGHT, THAT."

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T KILL THE PAIR OF YOU!

THAT'S THE THING, MICKAH! WE MAY'VE BLOWN UP HALF THE STREET, BUT WE GOT THE LOOT--AN' HALF OF IT'S YOURS IF YOU HELP US!

IT'S GOLD, MATE!

DID...DID YOU SAY GOLD...?

JUDGE DREDD

INNOCENTS ABROAD

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MEGA-CITY ONE, WHERE JUDGES DREDD AND JOYCE ARE HOT ON THE TRAIL OF EMERALD ISLE BANK-ROBBERS PADDY AND FRANCIE O'DILLIGAN--

WELL, IN ALL MY BORN DAYS I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MAKE IT TO THE BIG MEG--I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

HOW ABOUT YOURSELF, DREDD? HOW'RE YOU?

SWELL.

CONTROL--DREDD. NOW APPROACHING THE O'DILLIGAN CLUB WITH JUDGE-SERGEANT JOYCE. MAYBE O'DILLIGAN'S HEARD FROM HIS BROTHERS.

WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT OUL' MICKAH WOULD MAKE IT BIG HERE...

BIG NOTHIN'. CREEP'S RUNNIN' A SHADY LITTLE RACKET WITH HIS NIGHTCLUB FOR COVER--SO FAR WE'VE HAD NOTHIN' TO PIN ON HIM. ALWAYS LET'S HIS HIRED SCUM TAKE THE FALLS.

POP!

WELL, MAYBE SOMETHING'LL TURN UP YEEOOOW!

DROKK! SNIPER!

KLAM!

EH?

WHAT THE HELL DID HE DO THAT FOR?

SEARCH ME. PROBABLY A BET.

Script G. ENNIS
Art G. STAPLES
Lettering T. FRAME

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT GOLD, THEN?

O'DILLIGAN'S

NIGHT CLUB

OH AYE, MICKAH -- THAT'S WHAT WE GOT FROM THE BANK! LOADS OF IT!

MUST BE ABOUT HALF A MILLION CREDS WORTH, LIKE! HIDE US FROM THE JUDGES AN' HALF OF IT'S YOURS!

MICKAH O'DILLIGAN HAS UNFORTUNATELY CONTRACTED MCGOD'S SYNDROME -- A MUTATING VIRUS THAT IS ONLY CURED BY, IN FACT, GOLD...

LOOK, FRANCIE, IF I HELP YOU OUT AT ALL YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF I LEAVE YOU A BEAN OF IT. WHERE'S IT HIDDEN?

WELL, WE'D HARDLY TELL YOU, WOULD WE NOW?

JUDGES COMING, MR O'DILLIGAN.

RIGHT ENOUGH...LOOKS LIKE OUL' **DREDD** -- AND THERE'S ONE OF THE ISLE BOYS WITH HIM TOO. BET YOU'LL HAVE **LOADS** TO TALK ABOUT!

OH, HELL! YOU'VE **GOTTA** HELP US, MICKAH! YOU CAN HAVE AS MUCH GOLD AS YOU WANT!

AH, THE MAGIC WORDS...

AND--

I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T SEEN EITHER OF THEM, JUDGE DREDD. LAST TIME WAS ON THE EMERALD ISLE, THE NIGHT BEFORE I LEFT.

YOU NEVER WENT BACK TO VISIT THEM, I SUPPOSE?

OH, NO. I WAS KEEN TO MAKE A FRESH START WHEN I CAME TO THE BIG MEG.

OKAY, O'DILLIGAN, BUT EITHER OF THEM GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU, I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT. UNDERSTAND?

OH YES, SIR! I'LL CALL YOU THE VERY INSTANT!

AYE, SEE YOU DO!

SURE, YOUR MAN THERE'S A LYIN' WEE GET, DREDD!

YEAH, BUT IF WE BUST HIM NOW WE WON'T GET HIS BROTHERS. I'LL ORDER SURVEILLANCE ON THIS PLACE, SEE WHAT TURNS UP...

HOLD ON.

SOMETHING HERE I WANT TO CHECK ON, JOYCE.

AYE...

GREG

I KNOW THE FEELING.

JOYCE

YOU'RE DRINKING FROM CANS.

YEAH, SO? THEM PLASTENE CUPS IS FOR NANCIES!

ON LICENCED PREMISES YOU DRINK JUSTICE DEPT APPROVED MEASURES...

WELL, HELLO THERE, LADIES. FINE DAY, ISN'T IT?

WHERE'D YOU GET AN ACCENT LIKE THAT, HANDSOME?

YOU LIKE THEM PLASTENE CUPS SO MUCH... EAT THIS, JUDGE-BOY!

SMASH!

DUCK!

YOU WANT TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY?

SUITS ME!

CRUNCH!

CRACK!

AYE, THE EMERALD ISLE'S A LOVELY PLACE -- OH, WATCH ME HELMET, LOVE. IT'S NOT AS HARD AS IT LOOKS!

TWIRL

HEE-HEE-HEE!

KRAK!

WAP!

GAK!

MAN CAN'T EVEN HAVE A DRINK IN PEACE--

GRUD ABOVE!

YEEEOOW!

AH! SORRY, MATE -- JUST MEETIN' FOLK. Y'KNOW?

AROUND HERE WE CALL IT DERELICTION OF DUTY, JOYCE.

LUCKY FOR YOU YOU'RE NOT ON THE FORCE.

SECTOR HOUSE 40, NOON --

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BARMAN CLAIMED HE SERVED THE BREW IN THE CANS -- SAID O'DILLIGAN DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT. JUST PLAYIN' FALLGUY, OF COURSE.

SO WHY NOT JUST BUST THE CREEP?

LIKE I SAID BEFORE, I WANT TO NET HIS BROTHERS ALONG WITH HIM. KEEP UP THE SPY-IN-THE-SKY SURVEILLANCE -- SOONER ALL THE O'DILLIGANS ARE IN THE BAG...

...THE SOONER JOYCE WILL BE OUT'VE OUR HAIR.

HERSHEY, EH? THAT'S A NICE NAME...

ARE YOU FOR REAL?

JOYCE

OKAY, FELLAS, HERE'S HOW WE'LL DO IT.

O'DILLIGANS

YOU ARE GONNA SHOW ME WHERE THIS GOLD IS, RIGHT? WE PICK IT UP, I GET EIGHTY PER CENT AND YOU GET THE REST -- AND I SMUGGLE YOU OUT OF THE CITY...

AYE!

GOOD MAN YOURSELF, MICKAH!

AND THEN YOU GO AWAY AND NEVER BOTHER ME AGAIN, GOT IT?

IT'S A DEAL, SO IT IS! WE'RE ON THE PIG'S BACK ALRIGHT!

GRUD BLESS YOU, MICKAH! WE'LL GET THAT GOLD, AN' EVERYTHING'LL BE ROSY!

EFORE

M'SC

AFT

DROKKIN' WELL BETTER, THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY!

JUDGE DREDD

INNOCENTS ABROAD 3

SURVEILLANCE CONTROL TO JUDGE DREDD --

WE SHOW MICKAH O'DILLIGAN ON THE MOVE WITH PLENTY OF MUSCLE. APPROXIMATELY TWENTY MEN. CONCEALED WEAPONRY LIKELY. DESTINATION UNKNOWN AT THIS TIME.

NO SIGN OF EITHER PADDY OR FRANCIE O'DILLIGAN, THOUGH. YOU GONNA MOVE IN?

O'DILLIGAN'S

NOT 'TIL WE'RE SURE OF ALL THREE BROTHERS. WE'RE CURRENTLY LOOPING THE SKED, JUST SOUTH OF THE SECTOR LINE -- KEEP O'DILLIGAN IN SIGHT AND KEEP US INFORMED.

DREDD OUT.

OKAY, LADS -- IF THE JUDGES ARE WATCHING, THEY WON'T KNOW YOU'RE WITH US -- SO WHERE'S ALL THIS GOLD HIDDEN?

THE OXYPOOL JUST BELOW THE SECTOR BYPASS -- AN' HURRY IT UP, OKAY?

AYE! I'M DYIN' O' CRAMP IN HERE!

Script G. ENNIS
Art G. STAPLES
Lettering T. FRAME

THE OXYPOOL, FIRST BUILT IN 2110, PROVIDES A NEW TWIST ON THE TIME-HONOURED SWIMMING POOL...

OXYPO

BORED WITH NIGGLING LITTLE DETAILS, LIKE HAVING TO COME UP FOR AIR ?

WELL, AT THE OXYPOOL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER.

AT THE OXYPOOL, THE WATER IS HEAVILY OXYGENATED, SO THAT HUMAN LUNGS CAN STILL WORK NORMALLY IN IT.

UNDERWATER IN THE OXYPOOL, YOU CAN DO ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING...

MEGA-CITY CITIZENS BEING WHO THEY ARE, THEY CERTAINLY DO.

WHY HERE, FOR GRUD'S SAKE ?

OXYPO

WHY NOT ?

THERE'S NO ANSWER TO THAT.

ALRIGHT, LET'S GET ON WITH IT. WE'LL GO IN WITH THE LADS IN CASE THE OXYPOOL STAFF GIVE US ANY TROUBLE.

O'DILLIGAN'S CARS HAVE ARRIVED AT THE OXYPOOL, DREDD -- LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING IN!

ON OUR WAY!

OXYPOOL'S GONNA BE FULL OF CITIZENS -- LOUSY PLACE FOR A FIREFIGHT, DREDD.

WE'LL HAVE TO GET IT OVER WITH FAST. YOU LEAD YOUR TEAM IN, I'LL TAKE JOYCE.

WE'RE COMIN' FOR YOU NOW, YOU O'DILLIGAN GETS!

OLE, OLE, OLE, OLE...

YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM.

WE'RE JUST HEADIN' ON IN HERE, AN' WE'RE NOT PAYIN' -- OKAY WITH YOU, OUL' SON?

GNNN! BE MY GEDD!

RIGHT! LET'S BE HAVIN' THE GOLD, THEN!

IT'S JUST DOWN HERE, MICKAH!

702

703

704

705

SEVEN-OH-TWO, THAT'S THE FELLA. WE RENTED IT, Y'SEE.

JUST OPEN IT, WILL YOU!

AYE... UH, PADDY? YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO REMEMBER THE LOCK **COMBINATION**, WOULD YOU?

UH...

EH?

ARE YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME YOU'VE **FORGOTTEN** THE COMBINATION?

AH... WELL NOW... I THOUGHT WE WROTE IT DOWN SOMEWHERE...

I SHOULD'VE **KNOWN**. I SHOULD'VE BROKKIN' WELL KNOWN...

YOU TWO COULDN'T GET LEGLESS ON A DAY TRIP TO THE GUINNESS BREWERY, COULD YOU?

WE'LL JUST TRY NUMBER **FORTY-FIVE**, SHALL WE?

BADAM!

THERE! TOLD YOU, MICKAH!

JUST LIKE WE LEFT IT! WE'VE MADE OUR FORTUNE!

WHAT'S ALL THIS **WE** BUSINESS, DUNGHEAD?

OUTSIDE, MICKAH'S GETAWAY DRIVERS ARE READY TO GO--

HUH? WHO'S THAT?

IT'S THE LAW, CREEP!

BRAKKA! BRAKKA!
BLAM!

PICK THE BONES OUTTA THAT ONE, MICKAH! RUN, FRANCIE!
CRUNCH!

HERSHEY, YOUR TEAM COVER US! KEEP IT SHORT AND SWEET!

WILCO.

UUUHHHH... AAAAOW!

OH--OH GRUD! THE MCSOD'S SYNDROME!

MICKAH'S MEDICAL CONDITION HAS PICKED A BAD MOMENT TO EXHIBIT ITS MAIN SYMPTOMS --

FLUMP!

BLOPSH!

OUTTA THE WAY, YEZ DROKKPIGS! THE GREEN MACHINE IS COMIN' THROUGH!

BLAM! BLAM!

HOLY DEAR BLESSED MOTHER OF GRUD!

SO ARE YOU GONNA KILL HIM, OR AM I?

JUDGE DREDD

INNOCENTS ABROAD

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AT THE SECTOR FORTY OXYPOOL, JUDGES DREDD AND JOYCE HAVE FINALLY CORNERED THE O'DILLIGAN GANG --

IF THEY WON'T LEAVE QUIETLY, THEY LEAVE IN A BAG!

BLOW 'EM AWAY!

AYE! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!

Script: G. ENNIS
Art: G. STAPLES
Lettering: T. FRAME

THEM JUDGES ARE KILLIN' MACHINES!

DID-DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO MICKAH?

MICKAH O'DILLIGAN HAS COME DOWN WITH A BAD CASE OF MCSOD'S SYNDROME--

BLUPSH! CLOME BLACK HLERE. YESH SHCUMBAGSH!

EEEEEEEH!

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU PERVERTS!

HOLY DROKK! MEN!

OOOPS! SORRY, LADIES -- WE TOOK A WRONG TURN!

OH... MY... DROKKING... GRUD...!

EEEEEEAARGH!

ER... PLARDON MLE, LADIESH!

YOU CREEPS! HALT!

OXYPOOL MAN AREA

MORE OF 'EM!

BACK THE OTHER WAY!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

YOU WERE WARNED!

HELL! MICKAH!

OOOLFSH!

THE GOLD!

THE GOLD!

PLOP!!

AAARGHLLGH!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

GRUD! DROKK THE GOLD, FRANCIE--- SPLIT!

BEHIND THE LOCKERS, DREDD!

I SEE HIM! ARMOUR PIERCING!

BLAM! BLAM!

BADDAM!

GOOD SHOOTIN'! THAT'S THE LOT OF THEM!

DREDD--HERSHEY! PADDY AND FRANCIE O'DILLIGAN ARE HEADING FOR THE REAR EXIT -- WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH MICKAH!

ON MY WAY, HERSHEY. JOYCE -- YOU TAKE THE OTHER TWO!

RIGHTY-HO!

YESH JUSH SHCUM. YESH! CLOME DLOWN HLERE AN' FLIGHT ME DESHENT!

O'DILLIGAN!

SHLO... THE GREAT JUSH DLREDD, EH? WELL, WE'LL SHLEE JUSHT HOW GLREAT YOU ARE WHEN I'M FLINISHLED WITH YOU!

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, DOUGHBALL.

INCENDIARY.

HLEY!

KABLAM!

THE WATER'LL PLUT OUT THE FLIRE. THEN I'LL DLEAL WITH YOU, DLREDD!

HOP!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR MICKAH, THE WATER IN THE OXYPOOL IS HEAVILY OXYGENATED...

AND THE FIRE POSITIVELY THRIVES.

AAARGLEGGLE!

MEATHEAD.

JUDGE-SERGEANT JOYCE HAS CHASED THE O'DILLIGANS ALL THE WAY FROM THE EMERALD ISLE--

LET'S SEE YEZ GET AWAY FROM NOW, YEZ PAIR OF CHANCERS!

GET HIM!
HOLY GRUD!
JOYCE
WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR OLD PAL SERGEANT JOYCE!
GET OFF, YEZ EEJITS! WE'LL CRASH!
SKED ACCESS
OH HELL! THE SKEDWAY!
WISE UP BEFORE WE'RE ALL KILLED, YOU BLOODY LUNATICS!
AAAOW! AAAOW! AAAAOW!
OH, PROKK! WATCH OUT FOR THE --

SECTOR FORTY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, A WEEK LATER --

THE TEK BOYS ARE STILL SCRAPING BITS OF THE O'DILLIGANS OFF THE SKED, JOYCE. THE TRUCK DIDN'T LEAVE MUCH TO I.D.

YEAH... YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN.

OH, AYE! I WISH I COULD BE AS LUCKY AS THIS EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE!

GO TO MEGA-CITY ONE AND BRING BACK THE O'DILLIGANS AND GET ON WELL WITH THE MEG-JUDGES. THEY TOLD ME! WELL, I'VE BEEN TO THE BIG MEG -- AND HAVEN'T I JUST GOT ON FINE, LIKE?

SO AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU CAN STICK YOUR MEGA-CITY UP YOUR-

♪DING-DONG♪ LAST CALL FOR PASSENGERS ON FLIGHT SIX ONE NINE TO MURPHYVILLE...

-MC1 TRANS-AIR-

SO MUCH FOR FRIENDLY INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

YEAH. OLD JOYCE DIDN'T EXACTLY HAVE THE LUCK OF THE IRISH.

TOUGH.

THE END

THE MAGIC MELLOW-OUT PLEASURE GARDEN, BESIDE ERIC THOMPSON BLOCK, SECTOR FIFTY, IS THE MOST RECENT ADDITION TO MEGA-CITY ONE'S MANY LEISURE FACILITIES...

BASED ON AN OBSCURE 20th CENTURY VID-SHOW, THE MELLOW-OUT PROVIDES A SIMPLE WORLD OF CHILDLIKE SCENES WHERE CITIZENS CAN RELAX AND FORGET THEIR TROUBLES, LULLED BY THE GARDEN'S PEACEFUL ATMOSPHERE...

THE FACT THAT SAID ATMOSPHERE CONTAINS JUST A HINT OF A TRANQUILISER/HALLUCINOGEN MIX IS CERTAINLY NO HINDRANCE TO THE MELLOW-OUT'S CALMING EFFECTS.

JUDGE DREDD

Script G. ENNIS
Art A. WILLIAMS
Lettering T. FRAME

the MAGIC MELLOW OUT

PART 1

DUGGLE

JOBBOTT

LENNON

DEREK

VERMINPRUDE

IT WAS A SUNNY DAY IN THE MAGIC MELLOW-OUT, AND DUGGLE WAS BUSY.

HELLO, DEREK.

SAID DUGGLE.

HELLO, DUGGLE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M TAKING THESE DRINKS OVER TO THE VISITORS ON THE ROUNDABOUT.

SAID DUGGLE.

DEREK SEEMED WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING.

I THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT MISTER FLOSSER IS DOING FIRST.

HE SAID.

MISTER FLOSSER WAS DOING SOMETHING RATHER STRANGE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

CALLED DUGGLE.

OH, I'M JUST JUMPING OFF THIS STOOL-- GAK!

REPLIED MISTER FLOSSER.

SOMETHING WAS OBVIOUSLY WRONG ON THE MAGIC MELLOW-OUT.

OUTSIDE THE MELLOW-OUT, JUDGE DREDD ARRIVED.

HEADS UP, BOSS. IT'S THE LAW.

HEY, JUDGE-BABY... CALLED YOU AS SOON AS THE PROBLEM CAME UP. WHOLE PLACE HAS GONE NUTSO, MAN...

SAID FLASHBACK GORDON INVENTOR AND OWNER OF THE MAGIC MELLOW-OUT.

UH-HUH.

YOU SHUT EVERYTHING DOWN?

UH... THE TRANQ GAS IS OFF, BUT THE ROUNDABOUT AN' TRAIN HAVE THEIR OWN POWER.

LOOK, WE'VE HAD AT LEAST EIGHT MORE DEATHS SINCE WE CALLED YOU, BABE--

LISTEN, PUNK!

SNARLED JUDGE DREDD.

YOU REFER TO ME AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN "JUDGE" AGAIN AN' I'LL SLING YOUR BUTT IN A CUBE!

YES, JUDGE!

WHIMPERED FLASHBACK.

I'M GOING IN THERE, GORDON. SHOULDN'T NEED MY RESPIRATOR IF THE GAS IS OFF -- BUT YOU STAY HERE.

IF WHATEVER'S WRONG IN THERE TURNS OUT TO BE YOUR FAULT, YOU'RE DOING TIME!

THREATENED JUDGE DREDD.

IT WAS TURNING INTO A RATHER BAD DAY FOR FLASHBACK.

JUDGE DREDD WALKED INTO THE MELLOW-OUT.

HE DIDN'T LIKE IT.

DREDD

DUGGLE AND DEREK ARRIVED.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU TWO CREEPS?

ASKED JUDGE DREDD.

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE RUDE NOW, IS THERE?

SAID DUGGLE.

ARE YOU HERE TO FIX THE MELLOW-OUT, JUDGE?

KELLOOO...

HEY, CATS...

MORE OF 'EM, HUH? ANY OF YOU DROIDS KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS HERE?

UMMMM.

SAID VERMINTRUDE.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO ASK JOBEDEE. HERE HE IS NOW.

JOBEDEE APPEARED.

YEAH, RIGHT.

SAID JUDGE DREDD.

DROKK!

SWORE JUDGE DREDD.

THINGS HAD CERTAINLY CHANGED A BIT ON THE MAGIC MELLOW-OUT.

YEAH! YEAH! COME ON!

SHOUTED THE MAD GUY ON THE TRAIN TRACKS.

FINISH ME!

HI-EX!

BAKOOM!

I SAY! GOOD SHOOTING!

SAID DUGGLE.

SHUT IT, PUNK!

REPLIED JUDGE DREDD.

I WANT SOME ANSWERS FROM YOU, WIREBRAINS.

HE SAID.

WE GOT MASS SUICIDE HERE-- AN' IT AIN'T VOLUNTARY, IF I'M ANY JUDGE! WHAT'S GOING ON?

WE DON'T KNOW, JUDGE.

SAID JOBEDEE.

WE'RE JUST HERE TO BRING PEOPLE REFRESHMENTS.

OH YEAH?

SO WHERE'S... GRUD.

MUTTERED THE JUDGE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR?

ASKED VERMINTRUDE.

UHHH...HEAD SPINNING...

TELEVISION ON EVEREST, DUDE...

SAID LENNON, RATHER ODDLY.

RESPIRATOR...

Y'ALL BETTER PUCKER UP, LAWRAT...

I'M GOIN' UP TO FOUR ON YA!

SAID THEY TURNED OFF...GAS...BUT...

D-DROKK! GAS IS... STILL ON...

JUDGE DREDD

the MAGIC MELLOW OUT

PART 2

Script: G. ENNIS
Art: A. WILLIAMS
Lettering: T. FRAME

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG AT THE MAGIC MELLOW-OUT PLEASURE GARDEN -- AND WHEN DREDD INVESTIGATES, HE CATCHES A WHIFF OF THE HALLUCINOGENIC GAS IN THE AIR.

EAT FOUR, LAWBOY!

SHOUTED DUGGLE.

UNNNHH!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

ASKED DEREK.

I DON'T KNOW.

REPLIED DUGGLE.

I JUST WENT OVER TO HELP HIM, AND HE SUDDENLY WENT FLYING.

STRANGE.

SAID VERMINPRUDE.

VERY, VERY STRANGE.

WANT A HAND, JUDGE?

IT'S THE GAS...I'M... HALLUCINATING—

GRUD!

YER A SUCKER FER PUNISHMENT, BOY! HERE IT COMES!

GOOD GRIEF!

SAID DUGGLE.

THAT WASN'T VERY COOL, MAN.

SAID LENNON.

IT'S... I'M SEEING THINGS.

GOTTA GET A GRIP—

YOU HAVVVE BEEEN JUDGED UNFFIT FORR DUTYY, DREDDD!

THE SSENTENCE ISSS DEATHHH!

LIKE HELL! INCENDIARIES!

YOU'RE ON A REALLY HEAVY VIOLENCE TRIP, AREN'T YOU?

OBSERVED LENNON.

ANOTHER DAMN... HALLUCINATION...

GOTTA GET OUT BEFORE--

JUST THEN, VERMINPRUDE RETURNED.

HELLO AGAIN, DEARHEARTS.

SHE SAID.

SQUELCH!

WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR, VERMINPRUDE?

ASKED DEREK.

OH, I JUST LIKE DOING THINGS LIKE THAT.

SHE REPLIED.

WHAT'S JOBEDEE UP TO?

JOBEDEE WAS MAKING A MESS OF THINGS.

THE POOR CITIZENS WHO'D BREATHED IN TOO MUCH OF THE GAS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

HMMM.

SAID VERMINPRUDE.

HMMM.

SAID DEREK.

URHHH...

BY NOW JUDGE DREDD WAS FEELING A LITTLE BETTER. HIS RESPIRATOR WAS BEGINNING TO GET RID OF THE GAS HE'D BREATHED.

DROKK IT! IS THERE NO END TO THIS LUNACY?

HE MUTTERED.

AND SO, JUDGE DREDD BEGAN TO SORT EVERYTHING OUT.

GOTTA STOP THAT FIRE SPREADING--

HE SAID.

HI-EX!

YOU CITIZENS, GET MOVING! GET OUT OF THE FIRE!

DUHHHHH?

DROOLED THE CITIZENS.

AM I TALKIN' TO MYSELF, HERE?

GET MOVIN', LUNKHEADS!

BETTER GET OUT MYSELF--

JUST THEN, JUDGE DREDD NOTICED SOMETHING.

BROKEN GAS PIPE... CORRODED, TOO.

I RATHER THINK THINGS ARE GETTING A LITTLE HOT, SWEET THINGS.

SAID VERMINPRUDE.

STAY COOL, BABY.

REPLIED LENNON.

OUTSIDE THE MAGIC MELLOW-OUT, JUDGE DREDD WAS TALKING TO A VERY HELPFUL MED JUDGE.

AND IT WAS DEFINITELY THE HALLUCINOGEN PIPE?

YEAH. RUSTED OPEN, TOO, SO IT HAPPENED **BEFORE** THE FIRE.

THAT'S IT THEN. WITH TOO MUCH HALLUCINOGEN IN THE ATMOSPHERE, THAT PLACE WOULD'VE BEEN A DEATH TRAP. HIGH DOSES OF THAT STUFF CAN WARP THE BRAIN **RADICALLY**...

VICTIMS ARE PRONE TO VISIONS, SELF MUTILATION, ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AND IF THEY SURVIVE ALL THAT, PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO THE GAS IS **LETHAL**.

YOU WERE LUCKY TO GET YOUR RESPIRATOR DOWN IN TIME. EVEN SO, YOU'LL NEED A COUPLE OF JABS--

WILCO. IN THE MEANTIME, THIRTY-FOUR CITIZENS **WEREN'T** SO LUCKY...

AND I'M HOLDING **YOU** RESPONSIBLE, GORDON! YOU'RE THE OWNER--**YOU** SHOULD'VE MADE ADEQUATE **SAFETY CHECKS** ON THOSE PIPES.

CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE CAUSING ACTUAL DEATH--**EIGHTEEN YEARS.**

EIGHTEEN? COME ON, BABE, THAT'S NOT FAIR!

OKAY! LET'S CALL IT **TWENTY**!

AND IN THE MAGIC MELLOW-OUT, DEREK WENT OVER TO TALK TO DUGGLE.

NEVER MIND, DUGGLE.

SAID DEREK.

IT COULD BE WORSE.

AW, DROKK IT.

SAID DUGGLE.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

Raider PART 1

I WAS A JUDGE, ONCE.

Script G. ENNIS
Art J. BURNS
Lettering T. FRAME

I WAS A GOOD JUDGE. ONE OF THE BEST.

I DID MY DUTY, BY GRUD. I BUSTED HEADS AND ICED SCUM AND LOCKED UP WHAT WAS LEFT FOR TWENTY LONG YEARS.

AT THE END I HATED EVERY DROKKING MINUTE OF IT.

AND THEN, WHEN I WANTED TO BE A MAN AND NOT A JUDGE, THEY TOOK AWAY MY BADGE -- AND I THANKED THEM FOR IT.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN...

BUT MY WHOLE WORLD WENT TO HELL, AND THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME NOW EXCEPT TO TRY AND REDEEM MYSELF...

TO HAVE MY SIN FORGIVEN.

YEAH. I WAS A JUDGE.

MURK DERRYSON RUNS A FEW SMALL-TIME RACKETS ON CITY BOTTOM. DOWN HERE WHERE PERMANENT TWILIGHT HIDES A MULTITUDE OF SINS. MOST OF IT'S PETTY STUFF, NUMBERS RUNNING, THAT KIND OF THING.

AND THEN THERE'S THE NASTY STUFF.

DERRYSON'S BEEN LEANING ON SOME STOREHOLDERS. JUST FOR PROTECTION. THREATS AT FIRST, THEN A KICKING FOR ANYONE WHO WON'T COUGH THE CREDS.

THIS MORNING A GUY STOOD UP TO THEM, AND THEY CUT HIS HANDS OFF.

DERRYSON'S A CAREFUL TYPE. JUDGES CAN'T SNIFF HIM OUT --EVERYONE'S TOO SCARED TO TALK. BUT I LIVE DOWN HERE, AND I KNOW THE SCORE.

AND IF I CAN DO JUST A LITTLE GOOD IN MY LIFE...

...THEN MAYBE I CAN FACE MYSELF IN THE MIRROR EVERY MORNING.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

GOING SMOOTH -- SIX DOWN -- SEVEN --

SOMEBODY GET HIM!

HELL!

AFTER HIM!

EASY...

KIK

GRUD!

AAAAAAH!

EEEEEGH!

DROKK THIS! RUN FOR IT!

AAAAIIIEEE!

THOUGHT THINGS WERE KINDA QUIET--

DREDD TO CONTROL-- INVESTIGATING DISTURBANCE AT THE DERRYSON PLACE. GONNA NEED MED AND MEAT HERE, FAST.

OH-- OH, GRUD!

I WANT YOU TO LEAVE THE PEOPLE ALONE, MURK.

I WANT YOU TO PICK ON ME.

HOLD IT!
AW DROKK! WE CAN'T GO BACK IN THERE!
SHOOT HIM!
SOME HOPE, MEATHEAD!
YOU! HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
I KNOW THAT VOICE...
HEATSEEKER!
THAT'S JOE DREDD.
ALL TIME GREATEST -- BUT SORRY, JOE...
NOT TONIGHT.

PHOSPHOR GRENADE TO SUCK IN THE HOTSHOT...

NO WAY I'LL GET THROUGH IN TIME TO CATCH HIM, EITHER. CUTE.

HEEELLP!

HE...HE... HE...

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

HE DROKKIN' SHOT MY DROKKIN' HANDS OFF, MAN!

LOOK AT ME!

MED'S ON ITS WAY. 'TIL THEN, DON'T LOOK AT YOUR ARMS AND STOP WHINGEING. WHO DID THIS?

HE-HE WAS A STONE KILLER, MAN! LETHAL!

YOU KNOW HIM?

NO...SAID... SAID HIS NAME WAS...RAIDER.

THIS HURTS SO MUCH! STOP THE PAIN! PLEEEEASE-!

REQUEST GRANTED.

UMNGH-!

RAIDER, HUH? KARL RAIDER...

LONG TIME NO SEE.

JUDGE DREDD

Raider 2

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT BARELY TOUCHES THE GLOOM OF CITY BOTTOM, WHERE FORENSIC ARE HARD AT WORK ON THE SCENE OF A MASSACRE --

TWELVE DEAD, THREE WOUNDED. IF THIS IS WHO YOU THINK IT IS --

IT IS.

YEAH, WELL. HE'S QUITE A WORKER.

HE OUGHT TO BE. HE WAS TAUGHT IN THE TOUGHEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

KARL RAIDER WAS A JUDGE.

HE'D NEED TO BE, TO GET AWAY FROM YOU.

WE GRADUATED TOGETHER, BACK IN SEVENTY-NINE. RAIDER WAS A GOOD CADET -- HE'D HAVE MADE THE HONOR ROLL IF HE'D BEEN A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL.

BIT OF A DREAMER.

CONTROL, GET ONTO THE WALLY SQUAD -- TELL 'EM I'M ON MY WAY OVER.

AND TELL 'EM WE'RE GONNA NEED JUDGE PALMTREE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, RAIDER...

BUT WHATEVER IT IS, YOU'RE GOING DOWN.

Script: O. ENNIS
Art: J. BURNS
Lettering: T. FRAME

HEY! LOOKIN' GOOD, MR RAIDER!

'MORNING, BART.

SYNTHI-CAFF'S HOT AN' STRONG.

UH... HOW'D LAST NIGHT GO?

LIKE IT WAS MEANT TO, I GUESS.

NEXT TIME YOU AND THE OTHER STOREHOLDERS HAVE A MEETING, YOU CAN TELL THEM MURK DERRYSON'S OFF THEIR BACKS.

AND ONTO YOURS?

IF I'D KILLED HIM HIS REPLACEMENT WOULD'VE GONE ON HITTING YOU, BART. THIS WAY MURK STAYS ALIVE -- STAYS MAD WITH ME -- AND HASN'T TIME TO BOTHER YOU.

I... WELL, IF IT HAS TO BE...

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, MR RAIDER.

NO, BART.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN.

I JUST TRY.

NEXT UP IS TO KEEP DERRYSON'S ATTENTION...

GOTTA BE CAREFUL, THOUGH. LAST NIGHT COULD'VE GONE TO HELL WHEN JOE SHOWED UP.

GRUD ALMIGHTY. JOE DREDD. NEARLY FORTY YEARS BACK. AND IT STILL FEELS LIKE YESTERDAY. . .

FORTY YEARS...

BACK IN THE ACADEMY I FORGOT MY PARENTS. MY FRIENDS. MY HOME... EVERYTHING CAME SECOND TO THE LAW.

I ALMOST FORGOT HOW TO BE A HUMAN BEING. TOO.

SOME OF US DIDN'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT MUCH.

BUT IF I REMEMBER A SINGLE MOMENT OF THOSE DAYS, IT'S ON THE FIRING RANGE.

CADET JOE DREDD SCORING WELL-- TWO POINT ONE, POINT TWO, THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN AMMO OUT!

DAMN NEAR PERFECT, CADET. STAND DOWN.

CADET RAIDER SCORING WELL-- TWO POINT ONE, TWO, THREE--

COME ON...

FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN AMMO OUT!

PERSONAL BEST FOR YOU, CADET. NICE. STAND DOWN.

NO-ONE EVER EQUALLED JOE DREDD. IT JUST HADN'T HAPPENED, ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT SEEMED TO BE WRITTEN IN OUR VERY BLOOD AS IMPOSSIBLE --

AND THAT DAY -- JUST THAT ONE DAY -- I DID IT.

'COURSE, IF NO-ONE EVER EQUALLED HIM, ONE GUY BEAT HIM HANDS DOWN EVERY TIME -- THE CADET WHO TAUGHT JOE TO SHOOT, WHO HELPED HIM LAST THE COURSE --

CADET RICO DREDD SCORING WELL-- TWO POINT THREE, FOUR, FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE THREE-OH AMMO OUT!

PERFECT AS USUAL, CADET. STAND DOWN.

THIRTY OUT OF THIRTY. IT WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY FOR RICO...

BUT I NEVER FORGOT IT.

SO HOW'S IT GOIN', MURK?

YOU MEAN **APART** FROM HAVING MY HANDS BLOWN OFF? WHAT SORT OF INSENSITIVE SPUGGER **ARE YOU**, JIZZO?

HUH?

FORGET IT. EVERYTHING READY?

YEP. SHUTTLE LOADS UP WITH MUTIES JUST OUTSIDE BANANA CITY, THEN DROPS IN HERE TO TRANSFER 'EM TO A STAR FREIGHTER.

ALL SET UP-- BUT IT'LL COST...

AN' WE'RE LETTIN' THE WORD SPREAD, LIKE YOU TOLD US.

GOOD. AND SCREW THE COST.

YOU'RE THE BOSS.

BELIEVE IT, BOY!

I TELL YOU... SOONER OR LATER **RAIDER'S** GONNA HEAR ABOUT THIS LITTLE **CHUMP DUMPING** JOB...

"ALL THOSE POOR, DEFENCELESS MUTIES THINKIN' THEY'RE GOIN' TO A NEW LIFE ON MARS, AN' WE'RE PLANNIN' TO SLING 'EM OUT THE AIRLOCK!

"GRUD, WHEN RAIDER FINDS OUT HE'LL BE FURIOUS. HE'LL COME CREEPIN' OUT OF HIS HOLE, ALL SET TO KICK MY BUTT."

OH, I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD TO IT.

I JUST CAN'T **WAIT.**

ONE OF RAIDER'S **WEAKNESSES** WAS HE COULDN'T REMAIN DETACHED FROM THINGS.

THEY SPOTTED IT AT THE ACADEMY... THE WAY HE THOUGHT TOO MUCH ABOUT THE DIRECTION THE CITY WAS TAKING, WANTING TO CHANGE IT RATHER THAN **CONTAIN IT** -- WHICH IS ALL WE CAN REALLY HOPE FOR.

HE WAS A GOOD CADET, THOUGH. HE MADE THE FULL EAGLE IN 2079 ALONG WITH THE REST OF US.

JUDGE LOLA PALMTREE, ONE OF THE WALLY SQUAD'S TOP UNDERCOVER JUDGES --

SO WHAT WENT WRONG?

THE DOUBTS.

WE ALL GET 'EM -- IT'S JUST THAT SOME OF US DON'T GET OVER 'EM.

RAIDER PUT IN TWENTY YEARS ON THE STREETS, THEN **QUIT** AFTER A LIAISON WITH A FEMALE CITIZEN. TRIED TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE.

Nº 101

NOT THAT EASY, JUDGING BY WHAT HE DID LAST NIGHT.

COULD BE HE'S TURNED VIGILANTE -- MAYBE HE'S EVEN MIXED UP IN DERRYSON'S RACKETS.

WHATEVER IT IS, WE'RE BRINGING HIM IN.

YEAH ? HOW...?

WE EXPLOIT HIS **OTHER** WEAKNESS...

WOMEN.

IN THIS CASE, **YOU.**

JUDGE DREDD

Raider 3

IN MEGA-CITY ONE THE SCREAMING GOES ON FOR EVER --

HELLLP MEEEE!

HEEELLLP!

DROKK!

I SHOULDN'T GET INVOLVED. NOT NOW. BAD ENOUGH I'VE GOT DERRYSON'S SCUM OUT HUNTING FOR ME.

BUT HOW CAN I WALK AWAY FROM THIS? JUST LET A GIRL GET KILLED?

Script G. ENNIS
Art J. BURNS
Lettering T. FRAME

I HURT A WOMAN BEFORE.

NEVER AGAIN.

UHHNNN!

NNNNG!

IT'S OKAY, THEY'RE OUT OF IT. YOU'RE SAFE!

I--I--

COULD BE MORE OF 'EM -- WE GOTTA GO, OKAY? CAN YOU RUN?

Y-YEAH...!

THEN COME ON.

UUUHHHH...

BY GROCKING DOSE!

DREDD? SHARP HERE, ZULU ALLEY. HE TOOK THE BAIT.

THINK HE TOOK MY GUTS, TOO...

SO SEE A MED. YOU SURE IT WAS HIM?

POSITIVE. LOOK, ME AND KEACH ARE HEADING BACK TO THE SECTOR HOUSE -- WE'VE BEEN PRETENDING TO MUG PALMTREE ALL NIGHT IN CASE RAIDER MIGHT CHANCE ALONG. I'M DROKKIN' FREEZIN'.

ROJ, SHARP. IT'S PALMTREE'S SHOW FROM HERE ON IN.

DREDD OUT.

UH-HUH.

NO, DON'T BOTHER TO THANK US...

BETTER?

UH...YEAH. STILL A LITTLE SHAKY. THANKS FOR --

NO PROB. I WOULDN'T GO ROUND CITY BOTTOM ON MY OWN IF I WAS YOU, THOUGH.

NEVER AGAIN. I DIDN'T REALLY KNOW, SEE. CAME DOWN FROM THE KAB ZONE LOOKING FOR WORK AND GOT MYSELF LOST.

AH, NO WORK DOWN HERE, UH...SORRY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

HEY. WE NEVER SAID. LOLA. LOLA PALMTREE.

KARL RAIDER. YOU GONNA BE OKAY, LOLA?

I DUNNO, KARL. I'M BROKE, SEE... GOT NOWHERE TO STAY...

I'M THINKING STUPID THINGS. I CAN'T AFFORD TO SAY THIS. NOT WITH WHAT I'M DOING THESE DAYS -- BUT SHE'S BEAUTIFUL AND LOOK AT THOSE EYES ON A LOST LITTLE GIRL --

AND THE WORDS COME OUT --

MY PLACE ISN'T TOO FAR, LOLA. I MEAN, IF YOU'RE STUCK, THERE'S THE COUCH.

UP TO YOU.

THAT'S-THAT'S REALLY NICE OF YOU, KARL. THANKS.

BINGO. CLEAN TRANSMISSION, TOO.

BETTER TELL DREDD.

DREDD, THIS IS OWEN ON MONITOR DUTY. PALMTREE'S BUG IS OPERATIVE—SHE'S SNARED RAIDER. WANT A UNIT ON HIM?

NEGATIVE. I'VE BEEN CHECKING A COUPLE OF INFORMANTS—NOTHING ON RAIDER. BUT MURK DERRYSON'S SUPPOSED TO BE UP TO SOMETHING. MAYBE HE AND RAIDER AREN'T MIXED UP—BUT PALMTREE'S IN THE BEST PLACE TO FIND OUT FOR SURE.

LET'S HOLD OFF AND SEE IF WE CAN NAIL BOTH OF 'EM...

YOU HEAR WHISPERS ON CITY BOTTOM... RUMOURS, SCRAPS OF GOSSIP...

THIS MORNING I BOUNCED A GUNMAN'S HEAD OFF A FIRE ESCAPE 'TIL HE TOLD ME THE LATEST WHISPER ON MURK.

TURNS OUT MURK'S SUDDENLY TURNED TO CHUMP DUMPING -- PROMISING MUTIES A NEW LIFE OFF-PLANET, THEN KILLING THEM AFTER TAKE-OFF.

THAT'S BIG TIME FOR A SCUZZ LIKE MURK. HE'S OUT FOR REVENGE, JUST LIKE I EXPECTED--TRYING TO GET MY ATTENTION.

WELL, YOU'VE GOT IT, MURK.

BUT I'VE GOT THINGS ON MY MIND.
LOOK AT HER... GRUD, SHE'S LOVELY. SHE REMINDS ME OF CAROL...

CAROL.
I LOVED YOU.

I REMEMBER MEETING YOU... AND LOVING YOU...

AND GIVING IT ALL UP FOR YOU... ONLY FOR YOU!
I'M SORRY IT'S COME TO THIS, RAIDER.
I'M NOT.

BETTER I LEAVE NOW THAN STAY ON AND SCREW UP 'CAUSE MY MIND'S NOT ON THE JOB.
GOODBYE, CHIEF JUDGE...GOODBYE, JOE.

YEAH. JUST REMEMBER YOU'RE A CITIZEN NOW, RAIDER.
DON'T BREAK THE LAW.

I DIDN'T GIVE A SPUG FOR WHAT JOE SAID. I FELT LIKE I'D JUST FINISHED A STRETCH IN THE CUBES AND THE WORLD WAS MY OYSTER.
OH, CAROL...

...WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE?

'NIGHT, LOLA. BE SAFE.

WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.

GRUD! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!

I GOTTA GET ME SOME BIONICS, JIZZO.

YEAH, YOU LOOK PRETTY BAD. PEOPLE ARE GONNA BE CALLIN' YOU "STUMPS" DERRYSON, NEXT.

THANKS A DROKKING BUNCH, JIZZO.

RIGHT, LET'S GET TO THE SPACEPORT. RAIDER MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE SHUTTLE BY NOW...

AND NOBODY -- BUT NOBODY -- IS GONNA STOP ME SENDIN' HIM STRAIGHT TO HELL!

JUDGE DREDD

Raid 4

MORNING AT A MEGA-CITY SPACEPORT BRINGS A NEW ARRIVAL FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER...

THE SHUTTLE'S CARGO BAY CONTAINS OVER A HUNDRED ILLEGAL MUTANTS, EACH PAYING A SMALL FORTUNE TO ESCAPE THE MISERY AND DESPAIR OF LIFE ON EARTH.

HOWEVER, IF THEY KNEW WHAT LAY IN STORE FOR THEM, THEY'D GO RIGHT BACK TO MISERY AND DESPAIR IN AN INSTANT--

Script: G. ENNIS
Art: J. BURNS
Lettering: T. FRAME

THAT'S DERRYSON'S SHUTTLE, ALRIGHT.

ANYTHING ON THE SENSORS?

YEAH. HUNDRED PLUS LIFE-FORMS ABOARD... LOOKS LIKE YOUR NARK WAS RIGHT. DERRYSON'S IN THE CHUMP-DUMPING BUSINESS.

DERRYSON? HE'S SMALL FRY. WHERE'D HE GET THE CREDS FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

HE COULD, IF HE BANKRUPTED HIMSELF.

DOESN'T MATTER, ANWAY. WE'VE GOT HIM. MEANTIME, HAVE CONTROL SIGNAL PALMTREE AND TELL HER TO BRING RAIDER IN.

HE AND I NEED TO TALK.

I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER USE THIS AGAIN. AFTER THE LAST TIME I PULLED THE TRIGGER. . .

BUT I'M WALKING INTO A TRAP TODAY-- WHATEVER IT IS MURK DERRYSON'S SET UP FOR ME WITH THE CHUMP-DUMPING -- AND I'LL NEED AN **EDGE.**

NOW THERE'S A COINCIDENCE...

I'VE GOT ONE OF THOSE TOO.

LOLA...

DON'T MOVE, RAIDER!

WALLY SQUAD, RIGHT?

RIGHT. JUST GOT THE SIGNAL TO BUST YOU. BACK-UP'S ON ITS WAY NOW.

DREDD WANTS YOU, PAL.

JOE DREDD...WELL, WELL, WELL...

SO HE SENT YOU, DID HE? 'COURSE HE DID. HE KNEW YOU'D REMIND ME OF CAROL.

DID HE TELL YOU ABOUT HER, LOLA? ABOUT ME?

UH-HUH. YOU USED TO BE A JUDGE. YOU QUIT THE FORCE FOR HER. SHE'S DEAD AND YOU STILL CAN'T RESIST A PRETTY GIRL.

TOUGH LIFE.

HEH. YOU'RE A GOOD JUDGE, LOLA.

THAT'S MY WHOLE LIFE IN A FEW WORDS...

"D'YOU REMEMBER THE **APOCALYPSE WAR**, LOLA? YOU PROBABLY HADN'T EVEN LEFT THE ACADEMY...

"CAROL AND I WERE LIVING OUT IN THE WEST SECTORS. **BLOCK MANIA** HIT BEFORE WE KNEW IT -- WE GOT SPLIT UP."

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M INTERESTED IN THIS, RAIDER?

IT'S SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT, ISN'T IT? WHILE WE WAIT FOR YOUR BACK-UP?

ANYWAY...

"THE WAR WENT ON AROUND ME WHILE I SEARCHED FOR HER. I WAS TERRIFIED SHE WAS GONE FOREVER, THAT MY LIFE WOULD FALL TO PIECES WITHOUT THE ONE THING THAT GAVE IT MEANING...

"AND THEN I FOUND HER."

WIDESPREAD LACERATION...TISSUE LOSS... THIRD DEGREE BURNS... GRUD, SHE WAS HURTING.

BUT WORST OF ALL, THE RADIATION HAD GOT INTO HER, AND IT WAS KILLING HER SLOWLY. RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. I COULDN'T HELP HER...

K...KARL...

IT...IT'S OKAY. YOU'LL BE FINE, SWEETHEART.

YOU'RE MY...WHOLE LIFE, CAROL. YOU... YOU'RE EVERYTHING TO ME...AND I WON'T... LET YOU BE HURT—

YOU'LL...BE... FINE...

I, UH...

YOU'RE STILL UNDER ARREST, RAIDER.

SORRY.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SORRY FOR ME, LOLA.

RAIDER! HOLD IT!

I'VE SCREWED UP BEFORE, BUT I'M NOT STUPID.

I CHECKED YOUR BAG WHEN YOU WERE ASLEEP. JUST BEING CAREFUL.

I FOUND YOUR LAWGIVER.

I... UNLOADED IT, LOLA. THAT'S AN EMPTY MAGAZINE.

SORRY.

KLIK

UHH-!

JOE DREDD... YOU AND I ARE GONNA HAVE WORK!

BE SAFE, LOLA.

THERE'S DERRYSON. ALL UNITS--

CONTROL TO DREDD!

GO AHEAD.

PALMTREE'S BACK-UP UNIT JUST CALLED IN-- RAIDER DECKED HER. THEN RAN FOR IT. SHE SAYS RAIDER KNOWS YOU SENT HER.

ROJ.

WE'LL TAKE DERRYSON OUT OF THE PICTURE. CONTROL. RAIDER SEEMS TO BE TIED UP WITH HIM...

"BUT ALL HE'S GOING TO FIND HERE IS ME.

"AND THEN...THEN WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THAT TALK."

JUDGE DREDD

Raider

PART 5

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, DERRYSON? I THINK THIS WHOLE SET-UP STINKS.

OH YEAH?

YEAH. WHY DOES A BOZO LIKE YOU BLOW HIS CREDS ON THIS? YOU'D NEVER COVER YOUR OUTLAY, NO CHANCE!

KEEP FISHIN', LAWMAN.

WATCH THE LIP! AND WHAT ABOUT KARL RAIDER, DERRYSON? HE HIT YOUR MOB HARD LAST WEEK -- DOES HE FIGURE IN THIS?

DREDD!

GRUD DAMMIT!

IT'S A SET-UP! THE WHOLE SHIP'S RIGGED --

KLIK!

BAKOOOOM!

MY HEAD'S BEEN FULL OF RAZOR BLADES FOR AN HOUR.

CAROL, AND THE WALLY SQUAD GIRL, AND MURK DERRYSON, AND JOE DREDD... AND HOW I JUST WANTED TO DO A LITTLE GOOD AND LOOK HOW POINTLESS IT'S ALL TURNED OUT--

THEN I SEE IT.

EVACUATE! ALL PORT PERSONNEL AND CITIZENS EVACUATE!

FIRE AND MED CREWS TO PAD SIX! EMERGENCY!

AND I KNOW IT'LL BE OVER SOON.

BEE-YOOTIFUL!

THAT WAS MEANT FOR RAIDER, RIGHT? THIS WAS ALL A SET-UP FOR HIM?

YEP. ALL THE SAME, IT DID A SWEET LITTLE JOB ON YOUR JUDGES--AN' ALL THE MUTIE WEIRDOS, TOO!

RAIDER CAN WAIT. MEANTIME...

THESE ARE MEANT FOR YOU.

ONE'LL GET YOU TEN THAT WAS MURK'S SHUTTLE -- RIGGED FOR ME.

IF HE ISN'T DEAD, HE'LL BE HERE.

SO WILL JOE.

GONNA CUT YOU UP GOOD, BOY!

IT'S BEEN TRIED, CREEP!

HUH?

AK-!

DREDD!

RAIDER.

BEEN A LONG TIME, JOE.

I WONDERED WHAT I'D SAY TO YOU WHEN WE GOT TO THIS...

I HAVEN'T.

DROP THE GUNS, RAIDER. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

HEH. SAME OLD JOE DREDD, STRAIGHT AS A DIE.

THAT WAS A NASTY TRICK WITH THE GIRL. REMINDING ME OF CAROL...

DROP THE HARDWARE!

I'M TRYING TO THINK, JOE...TRYING TO WORK OUT WHAT BROUGHT US HERE. Y'KNOW? ALL I WANTED WAS TO DO A LITTLE GOOD, TRY TO MAKE UP FOR CAROL-- BUT EVERYTHING I DID LED TO MORE KILLING, MORE SLAUGHTER...

REMEMBER THAT TIME ON THE FIRING RANGE, JOE? THE DAY I EQUALLED YOU, AND THEN RICO BEAT US BOTH? SOMEHOW, I JUST CAN'T GET THAT DAY OUT OF MY HEAD.

THAT ALL YOU CARE ABOUT, RAIDER? AN ACADEMY SHOOT-OUT, FORTY YEARS AGO?

LOOK AT ALL MY MISTAKES, JOE. LOOK WHAT I'VE DONE WITH MY LIFE.

WHAT ELSE HAVE I GOT?

YOU THINK TOO MUCH, RAIDER.

BADAMMM!

YOU ALWAYS DID.

THE END

WEATHER CONTROL ALONG THE WEST WALL RUINS SHOT TO HELL -- MUTIES CREEPING IN UNDER THE BLIZZARD -- SUB ZERO AND THEN SOME --

ANOTHER LOUSY CHRISTMAS EVE FOR

JUDGE DREDD

CHRISTMAS with Attitude

AND FOR THE MCKRATCHIE FAMILY, RESIDENT D.P. CAMP 107 --

JUST A COUPLE O' CREDS, PAL! GIZ A BREAK!

IN THE NAME O' GRAN'PAW BROOK, HAE MERCY!

BUT ED SKROOJ HAS NO MERCY TO GIVE --

THE HELL WI' YE, YE WASTERS! AH MADE IT IN THE BIG MEG DAN ME OWN -- SO CAN YOU!

AH' HIM A CAL HABBER THE, JUST LIKE US!

I FEAR FER WEE ECK, DAM! IF HE DISNAE EAT SOON, HE'S DEID!

LIFE HAD BEEN ROUGH FOR THE MEKRATCHITS, EVER SINCE THEIR ARRIVAL IN THE BIG MEG THREE YEARS BEFORE...
SEE THAT? THAT'S THE BIG MEG, FOLKS! WE'RE IN HERE, AH'M TELLIN' YE!
FIRST, MEGAPOLIS DROVE THEM OUT OF THEIR HOME...
AND, JUST AS THEY LEFT THEIR FIRST D.P. CAMP--
A BADLY PLACED NAPALM CHARGE IN THE JUDGEMENT DAY FIGHTING PUT THEM RIGHT BACK IN AGAIN.
ZZZZ-SNORK!-ZZZZZ...

...YET.
EB...! EB...!
J-J-JINGS! WHA'S THERE?
WE ARE YE WEE NOAFS!
BY GEORDIE'S BYRE! MA AND PA SKROOJ!
YER A ROTTEN OUL' MEANIE, EB SKROOJ — NO GIE'IN THE MCKRATCHITS A MEASLY CREP TAE GET BY!
THEIR WEE ECK'S ABOOT TAE COOCA IT! OCH, THE WORLD'S FULL O' SASSENACHS CALLIN' CAL HABBERS MEAN — AN' THERE'S YOU GIE'IN THEM DUID REASON!
SO YE CAN STITCH THAT!
PUT THE BOOT IN, MA!
YAAAAH!
AYE! TIGHTFISTED SCUNNER!
AAAIIEEE!
YAAAH!
MA GRUD! AH'M BLEEDIN'! IT WIZ REAL!

AW'M DOOMED! THEY'LL KICK THE HELL OUT O' ME EVERY NIGHT, UNLESS—

AAARROOOW!

WHIT WIZ THAT?

'TIS BUT A LONELY DOG VULTURE, HOWLING IN THE CURSED EARTH NIGHT--

PLENTY O' EATIN' ON THOSE FELLA! AH'LL PUT FOOD ON THE MEKRATCHIT TABLE NOEL AN' SAVE MA'SEL FRAE MA AN' PA!

AHP—

THEY'LL APPRECIATE A NICE FRESH BIRD!

ALAS, JUSTICE DEPT ROBOCOPS LURK IN THE WALL RUBBLE, WAITING FOR MUTIES...

AAARRRGH!

TA-THE PARADISE—!

BUT AH CANNAE STOP! WEE ECK MUST EAT!

SAY YER PRAYERS, BIRDIE!

KAKOOM!

ARROOOAAWWK!

DIRMAS DESPAIR, MCKRATCHITS! AH'M COMIN'!

DON'T FORGET THE ROBOGUN, EH—

BEEP!

EEEEIIIII!

CONTROL TO DREDD— WE GOT SOME FREAK IN THROUGH THE RUBBLE— LASERS AIN'T STOPPED HIM. HEADED FOR [redacted]

RESPONDING.

AH... AH'M COMIN'.... WEE ECK...

OK HIM, CONTROL.

MIGHTY ME!

F-FORGIVE ME... MGARATCHITS...

AH'VE BROUGHT YE... A FINE... CHRISTMAS DINNER... N-YEE ECK IS... IS SAVED — !

WHUMP!

NO' MUCH DAH THAT YIN PAW!

NAW... AN' JUDGE DREDD'LL BE DOON IN A MEENIT, FER OUL' SKRODH'S CORPSE...

AND SO, ON CHRISTMAS DAY...

AH'M HUNGRY PAW! CAN WE NO' START EATIN'?

AW, NO' JUST YET, WEE ECK...

WE'LL LET MR SKRODH FINISH HIS APPLE FIRST!

GROUP BLESS US EVERY ONE!

JUDGE DREDD

The Kinda Dead Man

HAPPY NEW YEAR

NEW YEAR'S EVE 2114 -- OUT WITH THE OLD AND IN WITH THE NEW! PARTY DOWN!

UNLESS YOU'RE CHIEF TEK OPPENHEIMER, OF COURSE, AND THE CHIEF JUDGE WANTS TO SEE YOU --

ER... IT--IT'S ME, MA'AM...

LET'S HEAR YOUR REPORT.

UM... RIGHT...

PRELIMINARY REPORT ON SUBJECT: SABBAT'S LODESTONE.

Script G. ENNIS
Art A.WILLIAMS
Lettering TOM FRAME

SABBAT IS STILL SECURE. NOT MUCH OF HIS MIND LEFT, THOUGH...

"AS YOU KNOW, THE STONE CANNOT BE DESTROYED WITHOUT DISRUPTING THE INTRINSIC ENERGY FIELD OF OUR PLANET. IT CAN, HOWEVER, BE LEFT INERT...

"WELL, MORE OR LESS. ENERGIES WILL INEVITABLY LEAK FROM THE STONE AND CAUSE...UM...UNUSUAL PHENOMENA ON A PLANETARY SCALE. THOUGH THIS SHOULD ONLY OCCUR INFREQUENTLY...

OW!

ER... YOU OKAY IN THERE, MA'AM?

WE'RE FINE, GRUDDAMMIT!

WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN' IS, THINGS ARE LIABLE TO BE KINDA WEIRD FOR A WHILE AND WE CAN'T DO JACKSPIT ABOUT IT-- RIGHT?

UH... RIGHT, MA'AM.

THOUGHT SO.

DISMISSED OPPENHEIMER.

ALL CHANGE, HUH?

HMMM...

BILLY-JOE GRUPPENFUHRER WAS KINDA DEAD.

I SAY KINDA, 'COS... WELL, WAIT AND SEE.

HIS WIFE ENCEPHILA, NOW, SHE WAS REALLY DEAD.

OL' MUTTLEY, TOO.

MUTTLEY

SO THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE, BILLY-JOE HAD HIMSELF A LIGHT SNACK (GOOD OL' MUTTLEY, EH?) AND WENT OUT TO JOIN THE PARTY...

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT.

HUH?

WHAT'S UP, MAN?

I-I CAN'T CONTROL MY ARMS—!

HOLD IT, DOUGHBALL!

YOU OTHERS--RESUME YOUR PARTY. THAT'S AN ORDER!

SO WHAT'S WITH THE ARMS?

I CAN'T LOWER 'EM! THEY'RE STUCK!

OH, YEAH? GRUD!

WAANNT... FLLESSHHH...!

COMEDIAN, HUH? KNOW WHAT WE DO WITH COMEDIANS?

EH? WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! STARING EYES--ARMS OUT--"WANT FLESH"! THAT WAS YOU!

N-NEWS TO ME, JUDGE!

UH-HUH.

CONTROL FROM DREDD— GOT ONE FOR PSYCHO CUBE OBSERVATION, MELLOR SQUARE.

WAAANNT... FLLESSHHH!

HE'S OFF AGAIN!

WAAANNT FLESSHH!

HELLLLPP!

LIGHTS OUT, CREEP!

AND--

WHAT D'YOU MEAN, HE'S "KINDA DEAD"?

JUST THAT, DREDD. NO HEARTBEAT--NO CIRCULATION--ZIPPO. HE'S VARYING BETWEEN BEING NORMAL AND... WELL...

A ZOMBIE?

I GUESS SO.

JUDGE OPPENHEIMER JUST TURNED IN A REPORT ON THE LODESTONE YOUR **JUDGEMENT DAY** PERP WAS USING. SEEMS IT'S STILL SLIGHTLY **ACTIVE**...

NEAR AS WE CAN TELL, CITIZEN **GRUPENFUHRER** HERE HAD A **HEART ATTACK** ABOUT TWO WEEKS BACK. FLARE OF THE STONE'S **EARTH ENERGY** DRIFTS BY, AND...

AND UP HE GETS.

THERE'LL BE MORE LIKE THIS, RIGHT?

NOW AND AGAIN, YES.

ANY CHANCE OF A SYNTHI-CAFF? OR A BUN? OR SOME...UH...

SOME FFLESSHHH?

WE CAN'T TAKE HIM TO RESYK LIKE THIS!

YOU CAN NOW.

AW, GRUD...!

HEY, IT'S MIDNIGHT! IT'S 2115!

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HHHH...

HAPPY NEW YEAR, JUDGE DREDD.

AND SO, THE MEG BEGINS A YEAR IN WHICH THE DEARLY DEPARTED MAY NOT HAVE ACTUALLY DEPARTED...

AND THE WORKERS AT RESYK FIND THEMSELVES ISSUED WITH PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUNS.

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL DREDD READERS!

SEE YOU IN '93!

ONE OF THE MEG'S LEAST FAVOURITE VID-SHOWS IS "HEY--LET'S MAKE THINGS" --

AND HERE'S YOUR HOST, NIGEL BLAND!

YAWN!

JUDGE DREDD

THE CRAFTSMAN

HELLO, VIDDERS... ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME TO VISIT THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF PLASTEEN CARVING... SO...

HEY--LET'S MAKE THINGS...

Writer G. ENNIS
Art J. McCREA
Lettering T. FRAME

HERE'S A LOVELY BOWL I STARTED EARLIER... I'LL JUST TAKE THAT ROUGH EDGE OFF...

KRAK

SO... YOU HOLD IT ON THE LATHE... OH DEAR...

NEVER MIND... LOTS OF OTHER WONDERFUL THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH PLASTEEN...

ON CAMERA, NIGEL BLAND IS THE PERFECT HOST FOR "HEY--LET'S MAKE THINGS"--

BUT OFF CAMERA, NIGEL HAS A PROBLEM.

NIGEL IS NOT QUITE RIGHT IN THE HEAD—

I'M HOOMME!

NNNNGG!

WELL, I SEE THE GAS I HIT YOU WITH ON THE ZOOM HAS WORN OFF! LOOKS LIKE I CAN GET STARTED!

THEY ALL THINK I'M BORING, Y'KNOW—ALL THE SCUMBAGS AT THE VID-STATION, ALL THE VIEWERS...BUT THEY'RE WRONG!

I'VE GOT A VERY INTERESTING HOBBY, YOU SEE!

I'VE GOT REALLY GOOD AT IT. IT'S MY CRAFT.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT ALL THE USEFUL THINGS YOU CAN MAKE WHEN YOU TRY FLESH CARVING...

I'M GONNA MAKE YOU INTO A TOOTHBRUSH HOLDER— A TOY SPACESHIP AND A LOVELY XMAS DECORATION.

SO HEY—LET'S MAKE THINGS!

RRRRRRR!

NOOOOO!

THAT NIGHT, A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR JON AND DON TROOG AND THEIR FAITHFUL ROBODOG, LASI--

RARF! RARF!

I THINK SHE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HER!

IN THE BAG, LASI--?

RARF! RARF!

SOMETHING'S HERE--

THE LAW ARRIVES--

AWFUL, JUDGE DREDD! BRAINS AND--AND GUTS, AND FINGERS...!

MORE IN THE OTHER BAGS--BUT OLDER, ROTTED...

LOOKS LIKE SOME WEIRDO'S **DUMPING GROUND.**

CONTROL, I WANT A **SPY-IN-THE-SKY** IN THE LECTER BLOCK RUINS. LET'S SEE IF THIS NUT'S NUTS ENOUGH TO COME BACK...

NEXT NIGHT--

CONTROL TO DREDD! THINK WE'VE GOT HIM!

GOT AN I.D. YET?

NEGATIVE--HE'S GOT A TRASHBAG--

E.T.A. TWO MINUTES.

HE'S LEAVING!

HOLD IT, YOU!

ROBOT!

LET'S HEAR IT, SPARKY!

DROID SAYS IT BELONGS TO ONE NIGEL BLAND, 215 STEVE ATKINSON BLOCK. ON MY WAY NOW.

BLAND... NOT THE DIMP ON "HEY— LET'S MAKE THINGS"?

HOW THE DROKK WOULD I KNOW?

TIME TO MAKE THINGS AGAIN! ALL WE NEED FOR THIS ONE IS A HEALTHY CITIZEN, A LAS RIPPER, AND SOME ORDINARY HOUSEHOLD GLUE!

WHILE I FINISH OFF HERE, YOU HAVE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE MADE ALREADY!

HIIRR!

AAAAAH! YOU'RE INSAAAANE!

NOW, YOU MAY WANT TO GET AN ADULT TO HELP YOU WITH THIS...

KRAK!

GAME'S UP, BLAND! FREEZE!

I DON'T THINK SO, JUDGE!

HERE'S ONE I MADE EARLIER!

I'M AT BLAND'S HAB. CONTROL-- HE'S DEAD.

VARIOUS DISMEMBERED BODY PARTS HERE, ONE LIVE VICTIM. SHE'LL NEED A MED.

NIGEL BLAND, OF ALL PEOPLE... ALWAYS THE QUIET ONES, EH?

CLICK!

LATHE OFF

WRRRNNN-

KLICK!

BONK!

YEAH.

WELL.

THAT'S ALL WE'VE TIME FOR NOW-- BUT COME BACK NEXT PROG, WHEN WE'LL BE SHOWING YOU HOW TO ICE SIX MUTIES WITH ONE ROUND OF HI-EX.

'BYE FOR NOW!

JUDGE DREDD

EX-MEN

Script: G. ENNIS
Art: J. HIGGINS
Lettering: TOM FRAME

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA FOR DON KEV TRAVIANO --

♪ THEY CAN'T STOP 'EM, THE BOYS FROM TOT'NAM, THE BOYS FROM WHITE HART LANE! ♪

AH, BLISS! HOW I LOVE THE OLD CLASSICS!

DON KEV TRAVIANO?

♪ SPURS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO WEMBLEY! TOT'NAM'S GONNA DO IT AGAIN! ♪

HEY, YA DIMP! I'M TRYNNA WATCH THE OPERA!

TOO BAD.

I'M AN EX-MAN DON KEV. I'M HERE FOR YOU.

WHAAAT?

COME BACK, DAMMIT! GET HIM OFF ME!

LIKE HELL!

KABAMMM!

WITNESSES SAY THIS GUY WALKED RIGHT UP TO TRAVIANO AND EXPLODED...

EX-MAN. GOTTA BE.

YEAH. YOU CHECK OUT TRAVIANO'S ENEMIES, CAGNEY— I'LL TAKE THE EX-MEN.

CREEPS ARE DUE A SLAPPING DOWN.

EX(PLOSIVE)-MEN WERE A RECENT ARRIVAL ON THE BIG MEG CRIME SCENE. THEY WERE THE MEN WITH NOTHING TO LOSE.

DR J QUNCK

OH GRUD, NO! NOT—NOT THE BLACK PUKE!

'FRAID SO, CITIZEN MEET. TERMINAL.

B-B-BUT I'VE GOT A FAMILY! HOW WILL MOANA AND LITTLE DURK SURVIVE WITHOUT ME?

I THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE AN EX-MAN, CITIZEN MEET...

BE AT THIS ADDRESS, MIDNIGHT.

AND, LATER—

DURK WUV OO, DADDY!

DADDY LOVES YOU TOO, LITTLE DURK!

AND TONIGHT DADDY'S GONNA BLOW HIMSELF TO KINGDOM DROKK FOR YOU, LITTLE DURK...

LATER STILL--

ER... MR QUACK SENT ME. I'M MEEK

YOU SAID IT, PAL! HAWHAWHAW!

QUACK TOLD ME ABOUT YA. I'M FUZE -- WELCOME TO THE EX-MEN!

HERE'S THE SCOOP -- I FILL YOU UP WITH EXPLOSIVE AN' A TIMER, AN' TURN YOU INTO A WALKIN' BOMB. YOU GO AN' EXPLODE OVER WHOEVER I TELL YOU TO...

DO IT RIGHT AN' THERE'S TEN THOU IN IT FOR YER FAMILY! SUCH A DEAL!

UM... FAIR ENOUGH, I SUPPOSE...

GOOD! DRINK UP, EX-MAN!

FOR DREDD, THE QUICKEST WAY TO THE EX-MEN IS THE TIME-HONOURED NARK --

EXING...? FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT...

YOU SEE ME LAUGHING? SPILL IT.

FOR MEN LIKE CHARLIE FUZE, EXING WAS A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS. . .

EAST SECTOR ERNIE PAID A HUNDRED GRAND FOR TRAVIANO—MUCH MORE LIKE THIS AN' I'M MOVIN' TO THE MOON!

OPEN WIDE, BODGER!

FATTY EX-MEN WERE PARTICULARLY SOUGHT AFTER FOR EXTRA KILL-POWER—

GET THAT SUCKER IN THERE!

HHNNNNNGGG!

ALMOST UNDETECTABLE—AND VERY PRECISE—EX-MEN WERE BECOMING THE CITY'S TOP ASSASSINS.

HURRY IT UP, BODGER! TWO MORE TO GO!

NOBODY MOVES!

C-C-CAN I HELP YOU, OFFICER?

WATCH IT, WISEGUY!

I WANT NAMES—YOUR CUSTOMERS—HI-EX SUPPLIERS—THE MEDS WHO FEED YOU EX-MEN. NOW.

NO WAY! I'M TAKIN' THE FIFTH!

WHAT FIFTH? THIS CREEP'S FINISHED, CONTROL-- BUT HE'S GOT AN EX-MAN WORKING TONIGHT. I NEED AN H-WAGON TO LE GORB HI-DINER. IMMEDIATE.

GRUD! ONE-FORTY'S CRUISING THE SECTOR LINE--ON THEIR WAY!

STAFF AT THE FLOATING RESTAURANT ARE SWIFTLY INFORMED--

le Gorb

WE'RE GONNA DIE!

AN EX-HOMME! WHERE IS HE?

IL COULD BE ANYONE!

BETTER GET IT OVER WITH...

LE GORB IN SIGHT, DREDD!

ER...SPITGUN MCCOY? I'M-I'M AN EX-MAN...

MON DROKK! C'EST DREDD!

FOR YOU, LITTLE DURK! ALL FOR YOU!

NOOOO!

YOU!

GET OFF HIM!

IT'S OVER, CREEP! STOP THE TIMER!

CUH... CAN'T...

RIGHT. YOU WANT TO EXPLODE, MEATHEAD--

DO IT OUTSIDE!

HUH? NO!

AAAAARGH!

AW NO! I SCREWED UP! I'M SORRY, LITTLE DURK!

DADDY LOVES Y-

WH-WHO'S LITTLE DURK?

WHO CARES?

BUT THE LAW CANNOT BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE... AND THERE ARE PLENTY MORE TERMINAL CASES WILLING TO TAKE UP EXING...

HEH HEH HEH! WITH TRAVIANO OUTTA THE PICTURE, THE WHOLE EAST SECTOR RACKETS ARE MINE FOR THE TAKING!

EAST SECTOR ERNIE?

I'M AN EX-MAN.

THE END

SUGAR.

THEY CALL IT SWEETSTUFF, GREAT WHITE, DICED ICE... SNOW...

TONIGHT A NEW SHIPMENT OF THE ILLEGAL POWDER WILL HIT THE STREETS, SMUGGLED IN THROUGH THE **WEST WALL** RUINS—

TONIGHT THERE'LL BE A SNOWSTORM

THEY'RE ALL WAITING—THE USERS, THE PUSHERS, THE **SNOWMEN** WHO CONTROL THE WHOLE RACKET—

JUDGE DREDD

G. ENNIS
C MACNEIL
T. FRAME

AND THE LAW.

NEU

BIG LIXXX

PORT WORL

UP AND COMING SNOWMAN VINNIE TOURETTO--

SO -- YOU BROUGHT ME SOME GOOD DROKKIN' STUFF FROM THE SPUGGIN' ANDEAN CONURB BOYS?

SURE HAVE, VEENIE! WANNA TEST IT?

DAMN DROKKIN' RIGHT!

YOU TAKE EET PURE? OR IN SYNTHI-CAFF?

PORRIDGE.

UNUSUAL.

OLD TRICK. ONLY WAY TO BE SURE.

MMM-**HMMM**!

THAT'S PRIMO DROKKIN' CANE, ALRIGHT!

TED -- **PAY 'EM!**

YUH, BOSS...

THE SUGAR PASSES SWIFTLY DOWN THE SNOWLINE... FROM SNOWMAN TO PUSHER...

AND THEN TO A CITY DESPERATE FOR THE SWEET TASTE OF A **SNOWSTORM**.

BUT ALL IS NOT WELL--

HEY! THIS AIN'T QUITE **RIGHT**...!

GLUUUUHH! GRUDDAMN THE PUSHER MAN!

WHAAAT? I CHECKED THAT SNOW MYSELF. DAMMIT!

THEY MUSTA HAD **ONE** GOOD BAG FOR YOU! I'M TELLIN' YA, VINNIE--WE'RE GETTIN' A REAL BAD NAME ON THE STREET!

PULL THE DROKK **OVER**, TED...

YUH, BOSS...

IF THIS IS WHAT I THINK IT IS--!

IT IS!

SWEETEX! THOSE SPUGGIN' DROKKERS **CUT THIS** WITH **SWEETEX**!

THEY AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH THIS! YOU FIX THAT **TRACER** ON THE CASHBAGS, TED? YOU *SPUGGIN'* **BETTER** HAVE!

SHUH DID, BOSS...

RIGHT! BACK TO THE OFFICE--GET THE BOYS--ARM UP!

AN' NAIL THOSE ANDEAN SCUZZERS TO THE WALL!

MEANWHILE...

YOU HOLDING SNOW?

COULD BE... WHO'S ASKIN'?

AAAAAHH!

QUITE A *SNOWSTORM* GOING DOWN TONIGHT.

UH... A **WHAT?**

YOU THINK WE JUST GOT OFF THE *SHUTTLE*, DOUGHBALL?

OH JEEZ, OKAY! I-I'M RUNNIN' FOR VINNIE TOURETTO!

TOURETTO'S *SMALL TIME.*

I SWEAR TO GRUD, MAN! BUT HE'S BEEN SOLD ROTTEN SNOW--HE'S HAVIN' A BAD NIGHT!

NOT AS BAD AS IT'S GOING TO BE.

SNAP IT UP, FOR DROKK'S SAKE! THEY'LL BE HALFWAY TO THE WALL!

NG-!

COME ON! GET TO THE DROKKIN' CARS!

AN' TED--WHERE'S MY GRUDDAMN **SPITGUN**?

RAISE 'EM! **NOW**!

HOLY DROKKIN' GRUD!

GET 'EMAAAAARRGH!

EEEEEEEGHH!

DUMB.

HIT THE COMPUTER, TED! WIPE THE SPUGGIN' FILES!

HANDS OFF IT!

HANDS OFF MEANS HANDS OFF! WATCH HIM, CURTIN!

VINNIE TOURETTO! GIVE IT UP!

G-G-GO FRY, YA DROKKER!

YOUR CHOICE.

HEATSEEKER.

HUH?

BADAMM

WHAT HAVE WE HERE...?

S'A...S'A TRACE ONNA **ANDEANS**... S'VINNIE'S IDEA...

GOOD OLD VINNIE.

GIVE CONTROL THEIR LOCATION, CURTIN.

AND--

'NOTHER HONDRED METRES TO THE WALL, BOYS! WE'RE HOME AN' DRY!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

PUSHERS...SUPPLIERS...BUYERS... GOT THE WHOLE SET UP ON HERE, DREDD. THINK WE'VE STOPPED THIS SNOWSTORM RIGHT IN ITS TRACKS.

DON'T COUNT YOUR PERPS BEFORE YOU'VE NAILED 'EM, CURTIN...

THERE'S STILL A HELL OF A LOT OF SNOW TO BE SHOVELLED OFF THE STREETS.

THE END

A lot of peopel don't reelise there's **rools** when you're a psychopathic killer. but there is.

Rool one is, **don't get careless.**

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

It's the soft life that does it.

There I was, almost 18, with my billion-cred corporation, my new identity and my office with a nice view of **Iso-Block 30's exercise yard...**

CRIPPLE 'IM!

It's not like I was **killing** any more than I **needed to...**

NO FIGHTING!

HE STARTED IT-- NNNNG!

It's just I waz needing to quite a **bit** recently.

NO STARTING IT!

AAAH!

JUDGE DREDD

P.J. & THE MOCK-CHOC FACTORY

PART 1

Script G. ENNIS
Art A.WILLIAMS
Lettering TOM FRAME

My girlfriend **Lili**, for instance. I could've just burst my **zit** when she laffed at it... but no, I put that **compressed oxy capsule** in her breakfast, and I burst **Lili** instead.

And Lili was just part of it.

WELCOME TO WONKERS, JUVELETS!

WONKERS MOK-CHOX

I'M **BRAD GLEEM**, EXEC AT **WONKER'S MOCK-CHOX**! I'LL BE SHOWING YOU AROUND OUR MOCK-CHOC AND CANDY FACTORY--MMM! DOESN'T IT SMELL YUMMY ALREADY!

WILLY WONKER RECENTLY **DIED**, I'M AFRAID--NOT LONG BEFORE **URCHISON INC** BOUGHT US OUT! BUT IT DOESN'T STOP US MAKING THE **SCRUMMIEST MOCK-CHOX AROUND**!

IN YOU GO!

WOW!

GIMME GIMME GIMME!

I **KNEW** YOU'D LOVE THIS BIT!

LOOK AT IT, JUVES! CANDIES AND AND DAINTIES! MOCK-CHOKCHUNX AND CHEWBARS!

YUMMY, SCRUMMY, STICK 'EM IN YOUR TUMMY!

WHAT SORT'S THAT, MR GLEEM?

MM?

HOLY DROKK!

IT-IT'S NOTHING, JUVES! LET'S MOVE ON!

AIN'T YOU GONNA EAT IT?

EH? OH, I'M NOT HUNGRY, SON.

YOU SAID IT WAS THE YUMMIEST MOCK-CHOK AROUND.

WELL, YEAH, BUT--

YUMMY, SCRUMMY, STICK IT IN YOUR TUMMY!

SURE, BUT--

SO IT'S NOT? ARE WONKER'S MOCK-CHOX ROTTEN?

NO, I...

OH GRUD.

IT'S SO GOOD, I CAN-- I CAN TASTE IT ALREADY!

MMMM!

MMMMM!

MMMM-HMMMM!

IT WAS **HORRIBLE**, MASTER URCHISON! I WAS SICK FOR AN HOUR!

I MEAN, **WONKER'S** IS THE TOP CANDY-CORP IN THE MEG--THAT'S WHY YOU BOUGHT US! WE'RE LAUNCHING THE NEW **KRUNCHBLOK** TOMORROW!

BUT IF **THIS** GETS OUT, **WE'RE SUNK!**

GRIND YOUR CHOPS ON A KRUNCHBLOK

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE?

SORRY?

A KRUNCHBLOK. THEY'RE GOOD.

ER...THANKS.

AND THIS NOSE HAD A **PIN**, YOU SAY?

YEAH, A BIG ONE...

THAT'LL BE MR GRIZZ.

YOU KNOW HIM?

I KILLED HIM.

KILLED--YOU MEAN, **YOU** PUT HIM IN THE—

YEP.

I KILLED YOUR BOSS MR WONKER, TOO.

HE WOULDN'T SELL ME HIS FACTORY, YOU SEE. I LIKED HIM -- HIS LITTLE TOP HAT, AND HIS SILLY SMILE...

A-A-AND **GRIZZ**?

CRITICIZED MY SPELLING.

KILLED **DAD** TOO, TO INHERIT THE URCHISON BILLIONS. I MEAN, HE WAS INSANE ANYWAY, BUT I DON'T LIKE LOOSE ENDS.

HE WASN'T ACTUALLY MY **REAL DAD**. I'M NOT EVEN **JUNIOR URCHISON** -- I KILLED HIM AND CHANGED MY FACE TO LOOK LIKE HIM.

MY NAME IS **P. J. MAYBE.**

DROKKIN' JEEZ! YOU WERE ON THE NEWS, YEARS BACK! **P.J. MAYBE -- THE PSYCHO JUVE!**

THAT'S ME.

BUT LET'S GET BACK TO THAT **KRUNCHBLOK.** HOW IS IT?

C-C-CRUNCHY...

KIND OF... **BONY...** EVEN?

GETTING TO BE HABIT WITH YOU, ISN'T IT, BRAD?

THE **HEMORRHAGING AGENT** I PUT IN IT SHOULD KICK IN ANY SECOND...

I'd done it **again!**

Didn't figgur on the mock-chok machines not **pulping** the bodies just right. Thought I had the perfect disposal system.

careless.

STATUS, DREDD?

HEADED FOR McGAW SUPERMART. CONTROL **TROLLEY WARS** ARE HOTTING UP AGAIN.

UH. NEGATIVE. PENDER'S ON IT.

WE'RE TRYING TO CLEAR UP THE **JUDGEMENT DAY** BACKLOG. GO TO URCHISON INC. OFFICES. INTERVIEW C.E.O. J. URCHISON -- FOUR **MISSING PERSONS** AMONG ASSOCIATES/EMPLOYEES.

But when you're a psycho-killer in **mega-city one...**

You can't **afford** to be careless.

WILCO.

JUDGE DREDD

me an old **Dreddy** had met before, when he arrested me for **murder**. I was getting to like him. He's a pussycat, reely.

JUDGE DREDD, DO COME IN! ALWAYS A PLEASURE!

Okay, He's not.

WE'VE MET?

YOU PULLED MY DAD AND I OUT OF A NUKE SHELTER AFTER THE BIG NEG. POOR DAD'S **DISAPPEARED**, WOULD YOU BELIEVE...BUT HE WAS ALWAYS GRATEFUL TO YOU.

YOUR FATHER'S SET A TREND AROUND HERE, URCHISON.

LILI SOLO, YOUR GIRLFRIEND--**WILLY WONKER**, CHOK BOSS--YOUR ACCOUNTANT **SAM GRIZZ**--ALL MISSING INSIDE THE PAST SIX MONTHS.

ANYTHING I SHOULD KNOW?

If your going to lie into a judge's lie-detector you can either get used to a busted jaw...

IT'S AWFUL, JUDGE--BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

or you can jam the sucker.

P.J. & THE MOCK-CHOC FACTORY

PART 2

Script	G. ENNIS
Art	A. WILLIAMS
Lettering	TOM FRAME

YOU'VE DONE PRETTY WELL OUT OF THESE DISAPPEARANCES, URCHISON. YOUR FATHER, DIEGO, LEFT YOU ALMOST **SIXTY BIL.**

OH GRUD. **DAD!** WHAT CAN HAVE **HAPPENED** TO HIM?

AND WITH **WILLY WONKER** OUT OF THE WAY, YOUR TAKEOVER OF HIS CANDY-CORP MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY SMOOTH.

I **LOVED** WILLY WONKER, JUDGE--HE WAS THE KIDDIES' PAL! ALWAYS A CHEERY WORD, AND SYNTHI-SWEETS FOR THE JUVES! THE MAN WAS A TOTAL **CULT!**

HOW CAN YOU SUGGEST I'D HURT HIM? I **SWEAR** I DIDN'T!

UH-HUH.

THAT'LL BE ALL, URCHISON.

HAVE MY CAR SENT ROUND, WOULD YOU, SMAMFA?

YES SIR, MR URCHISON!

See wot happens when your careless? **Judge Dredd**, that's wot happens! Talk about **close**.

my **18th birthday** tomorro, and I almost spent it back in the cubes!

I'd hav to lay off killing for a bit, I rekoned.

Shame.

36D... SHOULD FIT OLD BRAD NICELY!

You reely can't beat a bit of murder to brighten up a dul day.

COMFY IN THERE, BRAD? GOOOOD...

EVENING, KAPRI!

MASTER URCHISON.

TO THE **WONKER FACTORY**, I THINK...

CONTROL: SCAN URCHISON'S ASSOCIATES AND BUSINESS CONTACTS.

PROBLEMS?

HE CHECKS OUT ON BIRDIE COMPLETELY.

BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT...

THEY CAN BE INACCURATE...

NOT BY THAT MUCH.

another rool about killing is: **don't overdo it.**

M

SOON BE THERE, BRAD!

All these peeple who just won't be satisfyd with a **poisoning** here, a **decap** there — these peeple with bodycounts in the **millions**...

Call-me-Kenneth... Ol' **Cal**... Mad Dog Kazan... Judge **Deth**...an that lunatic **Sabbat**! I mean, the hol **world**? Just look wot **hapens** to peeple like that!

One at a time, that's my motto.

THE ANGELS

YOU **SHOP** WITH TROLLIES, CREEPS-- YOU **DON'T** FIT THEM WITH **AUTOMATIC WEAPONS**.

AND WHAT'S WITH THE HORNS?

I'M A RAM-RAIDER! HEH HEH!

YOU'RE A **MEATHEAD**. EXTRA MONTH FOR LIP.

CONTROL TO DREDD!

WE CHECKED THE **URCHISON** ASSOCIATES. ONLY THING UNUSUAL IS:

MAYBE, ROGER AND MARGARET, DECEASED. SON, **PHILIP JANET**, ESCAPED PSYCHOUNIT 30...

DROKK!

GET UNITS TO URCHISON'S. ARREST JUNIOR! **NOW**!

YOU THINK HE'S PICKED UP SOME TRICKS FROM MAYBE?

I THINK HE **IS** MAYBE!

GRINDERS TO **MAX**, THIS TIME...CHOK BEANS GOING IN NOW...

YOUR BIG MOMENT, BRAD!

At Wonker's, we use three tipes of the finest mock-choc beans.

and the odd corps, now and agane.

BEANS GRINDING

COGBURN AT URCHISON'S, DREDD-- JUNIOR'S GONE. SECRETARY SAYS HE'S AT THE WONKER PLACE.

I'LL TAKE IT! GET AN A.P.B. OUT!

hazelnut swirl...orang suprize... brad's spleen...

Midnite delites, from Wonker's.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE, BRAD?

I RECKON MAYBE KILLED JUNIOR, CONTROL--THEN TOOK HIS PLACE. CHECK THE URCHISON MOB FOR A **FACE-CHANGER**.

OTHERWISE, WE GOT **TWO** PSYCHO-GENIUS BRATS ON THE LOOSE.

WENKERS CHOX

JUDGE DREDD.

Killing rool number 3: know your limitashuns. pick only easy targets -- peeple who don't fite back.

Uh-oh.

Next rule: only kill when you **need** to.

If you're one of these people who takes a shotgun along when you fancy a burger, or you keep a head or two in the fridge, you're on a non-starter.

GAME'S UP, MAYBE!

I knew a guy in the sycho-cubes who killed whenever his **constipation** acted up. would I do that?

Perish the thought!

COME ON OUT, HANDS HIGH! NOW!

I only kill when people try to hurt me, or lock me away, or stop me getting whatever i want.

As Dreddy was about to find out.

TARGET ACQUIRED

TERMINATE

Script G. ENNIS
Art A. WILLIAMS
Lettering TOM FRAME

JUDGE DREDD

P.J. & THE MOCK-CHOC FACTORY

PART 3

DROKK!
DREDD

BADAM!

BADAM!

UUHH!

KRRK

I thought Dredd might appreciate me using the **bug** on him, for old times' sake.

I'd been gone a good five minutes by then, of course. I was off to **Banana City**, with twenty bil' waiting in a numbered account...

ARMOUR PIERCING!

BADAMM!

INJECTOR U/S DISARM + RESTRAIN

GRUDDAMMIT!

YOU WON'T GET **AWAY** WITH THIS, MAYBE!

GOTTA FREE MY ARM BEFORE I END UP IN A SWISS ROLL--

ONE CHANCE -- THOSE PROFITEROLES!

HOPE YOU GOT A SWEET TOOTH, SPARKY!

SPLAT!

KRANG!

TARGET

KLANING!

KLANG!
KLANG!
KLANG!

DREDD TO CONTROL-- MAYBE'S ON THE LAM! HE MAY TRY TO LEAVE THE CITY --

HE **HAS**, DREDD! LITTLE CREEP HOPPED A FLIGHT TO BANANA CITY -- CUSTOMS BOYS GOT THE APB A LITTLE LATE!

THEN GET ME A FAST **H-WAGON.**

South of the border, down mekzone way -- that's where I was off to. There was bound to be a place for a smart kid with plenty of credz--

--and a talent for **murder.**

But alas--it was not to be.

KREEENG!

MY GRUD!

WHAT WAS THAT?

DON'T WORRY, SIR. THAT'S JUST A JUSTICE DEPT H-WAGON LOCKING ON TO OUR HULL.

NICE TRY, MAYBE.

AH...NOW, DON'T FORGET I'M A **MINOR**, JUDGE DREDD--REALLY JUST A BOY. A MERE BABE--

THINK AGAIN. IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT, MAYBE. IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY.

YOU'RE **EIGHTEEN**...

GOTTA ADMIT IT...

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THAT FOR **YEARS**.

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

LAST NIGHT OUT

CAHILL—A JUDGE OF THE OLD SCHOOL, A HARD MAN WHO GREW UP AT THE SHARP END!

HE'D FOUGHT THEM ALL—CRAZIES, SCUM AND MUTIES, DROIDS AND SOVS AND WALKING DEAD.!

A JUDGE YOU COULD BE SURE OF.

WHERE HE WORKED.

WHERE HE'D DIE.

ON THE STREETS.

SECTOR TWO, MIDNIGHT THIRTY.
...AND WE'RE GONNA KEEP COMING BACK! WE'LL KEEP BUSTING YOU PUNKS UNTIL YOU'RE EATING ISO-CUBE!
WHO'S THE SUPPLIER?
DON'T EVEN THINK IT!
DREDD

0400, SECTOR HOUSE TWO--

--GRUDDAM **MASSACRE**! CAHILL MUSTA GOT UP THE WRONG SIDE OF BED!

WHAT DO YOU **MEAN**, "NO MORE MEAT WAGONS"? DREDD'S ON A ROLL HERE!

TRANSFER YOUR PERPS TO **THREE** OR **FOUR**! WE'RE FULL UP!

IT'S LIKE EVERY SCUMHOLE IN THE SECTOR'S BEING BUSTED AT ONCE, CHIEF!

WHO **BY**? SOMEONE GONNA TELL ME WHAT THE **PROKK'S** GOING ON OUT THERE?

0530--

BAR N' BAR N' BAR N'

I COULD CUT YOU EAR TO EAR, LAWBOY! **BACK OFF!**

KRASHH!

THIS IS YOUR INFORMER?

SOMETHIN' ELSE, AIN'T HE?

HE SAYS OUR MAN IS **WASP KLONDIKE.** DREDD -- SHIPS IN UNREFINED SNOW ON A NORTHSTAR FREIGHTER.

LOCATION ?

DRINKS AT SAINT ELMO'S.

STAB OF PAIN ?

SIX HOURS, THEY SAID! **NOT YET!**

I'LL TAKE THE FRONT, CAHILL -- YOU WATCH FOR RUNNERS.

ST ELMO'S. WORST SCUMHOLE ON CITY BOTTOM -- YOU CAN SMELL IT CLEAR ACROSS THE DOCKS.

ST ELMO'S

USUALLY SOMETHING GOING ON -- SMALL FRY. NON-URGENT STATUS. BUT TONIGHT...

BIG FISH.

WASP BEEN IN ?

RAID!

SMOKE HIM!

RUN LIKE DROKK!

AARGHH NOOOOO! HELLLP!

DEATH WAS WITH YOU ALWAYS. YOU COULD MAKE IT A FRIEND OR AN ENEMY -- ALL THAT MATTERED IN THE END WAS THAT YOU **FACED** IT.

LIKE A JUDGE.

NOW -- HEAD ON FIRE, RAZORS IN HIS SPINE, ADRENALIN LIKE VENOM AS HIS HEART RUPTURES IN HIS CHEST. . .

THIS IS IT.

ALWAYS THE HARD WAY, CREEPS!

UHHH!

ALL I WANTED WAS **WASP KLONDIKE!** NOW YOU'RE **ALL** BUSTED!

EAT IT!

THAT LAWGIVER EVEN TWITCHES. THE CABIN BOY HERE GOES **ORBITAL**.

I'M LEAVING.

EXIT

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, KLONDIKE. LET THE KID GO.

THE HELL WITH YOU, DREDD--

BADAMM!

EXIT

CAHILL?

I GET HIM?

UH-HUH.

GOOD.

I...

I'M GONE, JOE.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

KNOCK! KNOCK!

YEAH ?

HI, I'M **MORI COLON** — JUST CONDUCTING A QUICK **OPINION POLL**...

SO — WILL YOU **A)** GIVE ME ABUSE... **B)** INVITE ME IN FOR A CAFF...OR **C)** KEEP ME ON THE DOORSTEP ?

Script: G. ENNIS
Art: RON SMITH
Lettering: TOM FRAME

GET LOST, YA DIMP!

OR-KAY...

QUICK OPIN

GIVE ME ABUSE ?-- A

INVITE ME IN FOR A CAFF--?-- B

KEEP ME ON THE DOORSTER.?- C

TRY TO JUMP ME.?- A

BEG FOR MERCY.?- B

RUN FOR IT.?---- C

HIDE.?---

RIGHT. NEXT QUESTION --

DROKK !

A, B or C Warrior

WILL YOU A) TRY TO JUMP ME ... B) BEG FOR MERCY... OR C) RUN FOR IT?

D-D-DON'T KILL ME! OH GRUD, PLEASE LET ME GO! I'LL DO ANYTHING!

BDAM!

AAARGHH!

WELL, YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP! THANKS FOR YOUR TIME!

FLOOR 33

CONTROL TO DREDD! GO TO APARTMENT 170, FRANK HOVIS BLOCK! NEIGHBOURS REPORT SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE!

ROJ.

HI, KITTY! I'M HOME!

GOT LOTS OF GREAT DATA TONIGHT, KITTY. CAN'T WAIT TO START **COLLATING**...

BUT FIRST, I BET YOU'D LIKE TO BE **FED**, EH?

WOULD YOU LIKE **A)** MOUSE FLAVOUR YUMMICHUNX... **B)** AN OLD SOCK... OR **C)** A KICK IN THE TEETH?

MEAT WAGON TO HOVIS BLOCK, CONTROL-- ONE STIFF, **SANDY WIDGE**, RESIDENT 170.

SHOT POINT-BLANK, MULTIPLE WOUNDS. LOOKS LIKE AN S.M.G.

NOT MUCH TO GO ON.

SO... OUT OF FIFTY VICTIMS -- ER, INTERVIEWEES -- 60% WILL BEG... 25% WILL RUN... 13% WILL DO **BOTH**... AND 2% WILL TRY TO ATTACK ME...

AH YES, OLD MR MIGGYSON! HEAD CLEAN OFF!

BUT... OUT OF TWENTY WHO SURVIVED THE FIRST **BURST**... 90% WILL BEG FOR MED-ASSIST, BUT ONLY 10% -- **TWO PEOPLE** -- WILL COMMEND THEIR SOULS TO GRUD!

RELIGION MUST BE IN DECLINE...

MERITS FURTHER RESEARCH.

HOVIS BLOCK

FORENSIC CAN TAKE THIS ONE, CONTROL. RESUMING PATROL.

THAT'S A ROJ -- HOLD ON! DISTURBANCE AT THE MORON'S CLUB -- YOU'RE NEAREST!

SECTOR SIX'S **MORON'S CLUB**, WHERE CITIZENS A FEW CARDS SHORT OF THE DECK CAN COME TO DROOL!

RIGHT! NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOUR ATTENTION!

DUHHH!

MORON'S CLUB

SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE! POLL A WHOLE **CROWD** OF PEOPLE!

SO... ON LEARNING OF YOUR IMPENDING **DEATHS**, WILL YOU A) PRAY TO GRUD... B) PRAY TO SATAN... OR C) START TO CRY?

DUHHH?

ER... I THINK... D).

DONE POO-POO...

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY!

GARY DAVIES OUR HERO!

NOW THEN... WHEN I BLOW YOU AWAY, DO YOU EXPECT TO GO TO A) HEAVEN... B) HELL... OR C) THE MIDNIGHT BELT AT RESYK?

ANSWER THE QUESTION, DROKK YOU!

YOU'RE NOW SLOWLY DYING. DO YOU HEAR A) ANGELS SINGING... B) DEMONS HOWLING... OR C) YOUR GUTS SPILLING OUT ALL OVER THE FLOOR?

AAA-AAAAAA...

IS THAT AN A? GRUD ON A GREENIE!

LOSE IT!

BUT I'M CONDUCTING AN OPINION POLL!

NOW TELL ME, JUDGE-- WILL YOU CHOOSE A) RICOCHETS... B) HI-EX... OR C) HOTSHOTS TO DEAL WITH ME?

NONE OF THE ABOVE!

ARMOUR PIERCING!

EEEIIIGH!

MED WAGON TO THE MORON'S CLUB. CONTROL. LONE GUNMAN DOWN.

MORI'S FASCINATION WITH THE JOYS OF RESEARCH ANALYSIS IS QUICKLY REVEALED.

IT'S INCREDIBLE, DREDD. HE'S KILLED OVER FIFTY PEOPLE--ALL SO HE CAN ASK THEM THESE **INSANE QUESTIONS**!

68% WILL START TO CRY...22% WILL BECOME INCONTINENT...

SEEMS **COLON** LOST HIS JOB AS A **POLLSTER** LAST YEAR--GUESS HE COULDN'T KICK THE HABIT.

HE GETS OUT OF MED BAY TONIGHT.

AND... WELL, CITIZEN COLON. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

IS IT **A)** WE LET YOU GO? **B)** YOU GET OFF WITH A FIVE CRED FINE? OR **C)** WE LOCK YOU IN THE **PSYCHO-CUBES** AND THROW AWAY THE KEY?

UH...AT A WILD GUESS... **C**?

YOU GOT IT.

TAKE HIM AWAY.

DREDD

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

BLIND MATE

'ALLO, CHUX! IT'S ME -- YER PAL, CHILLER BLACK! AN' 'ERE -- LISTEN -- WE'RE BACK WITH YER FAVRIT SHOW!

THAT'S RIGHT! BLIND MATE!

AN' LET'S MEET THE LOVLY LADY WHO'S GONNA BE CHOOSIN' HER HUNK: HER NAME'S DIMMA -- OH, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A LORRA FUN TONIGHT!

SUCH A LORRA, LORRA FUN! SUCH A LORRA, LORRA, LORRA, LORRA --

LORRALORRALORRALORRA --

LORRALORRA- AWKK!

WAP!

G. ENNIS

G. STAPLES

Lettering T. FRAME

ER... RIGHT, CHUX! LET'S GET ON WITH THE SHOW!

BLIND MATE -- WITH ITS POPULAR BRIT-CIT HOST -- HAS SWIFTLY GAINED TWO HUNDRED MILLION FANS CITY WIDE...

JUDGE DREDD IS NOT ONE OF THEM.

...SO WE PULLED A FEW HITS -- SO WHAT? WHAT'S ONE LITTLE JUDGE GONNA DO TO THE CHIPPERDULL GANG?

WHAT YOU NEED, MEATHEAD.

KRAK!

BOOT!

HOLY GRUD! I'M GONE!

THAP!

COME BACK HERE, CREEP! YOU'RE NEXT!

MOVE IT, WIMPO!

BLIND MATE

STUDIO 6

WHERE THE DROKK AM I--?

...WE'RE HAVIN' A LORRA, **LORRA** LAFFS, SO **HERE**--LET'S MEET THE **LUVLY FELLAS** DIMMA'S GONNA CHOOSE FROM!

STOCKBROKER **SI SLYSTER** FROM SECTOR TEN!

WELL... **HI**...

FROM SECTOR NINETY-NINE--**FRED SEPP**, UNEMPLOYED MUSICIAN!

HELLOOO...

KLUNK!

UNNF!

WHA...?

AND--ER--

A **NEW** CONTESTANT! WHAT'S YER NAME, CHUK? WHAT D'YOU DO?

STATION

UH... I'M ARNIE CHIPPERDULL...

I'M A **CONTRACT KILLER**...

MOVE IT, WIMPO!

BLIND MATE

STUDIO 6

WHERE THE DROKK AM I--?

...WE'RE HAVIN' A LORRA, **LORRA** LAFFS, SO **HERE**--LET'S MEET THE **LUVLY FELLAS** DIMMA'S GONNA CHOOSE FROM!

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WHA...?

AND--ER--

A **NEW** CONTESTANT! WHAT'S YER NAME, CHUK? WHAT D'YOU DO?

STATION

UH... I'M ARNIE CHIPPERDULL...

I'M A **CONTRACT KILLER**...

OH, MY! A CONTRACT KILLER! LUVLY!

WELL, DIMMA LUV-- D'YOU WANNA ASK THESE GREAT BIG LADS A QUESTION?

UM...ER... I DUNNO...

HE WENT THAT AWAY-- STUDIO SIX! SIC 'IM, JUDGE DREDD!

WATCH THAT MOUTH, BOY...

WHERE WOULD YOU TAKE A LADY ON A DREAM DATE?

WORRA LORRA LORRA FUN! YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING THAT ONE, CHUX!

OH, YOU KNOW--OUT FOR SOME GOOD FOOD, GOOD WINE, AND THEN BACK TO MY PLACE.

SHE CAN COME TOO, I SUPPOSE.

DON'T TALK-- JUST KISS...

UH...WE COULD ICE A COUPLA GEEKS, I GUESS...

I-I'M NOT SURE I OUGHTA BE HERE!

OH--KERE--YOU COULD HAVE A LORRA, LORRA LAFFS WITH THAT LOT! TELL US, LUV-- WHICH IS IT GONNA BE?

UHHH...NUMBER **THREE**, CHILLER!

OOOH! SHE'S CHOSEN **NUMBER THREE!**

KLICK!

THEY'RE GONNA MAKE **SUCH** A LUVLY COUPLE!

I DUNNO ABOUT THIS--

I DO! GIVE IT UP, SCUMBAG!

LEMME GO, DREDD! YOU AIN'T GONNA SHOOT **HER!**

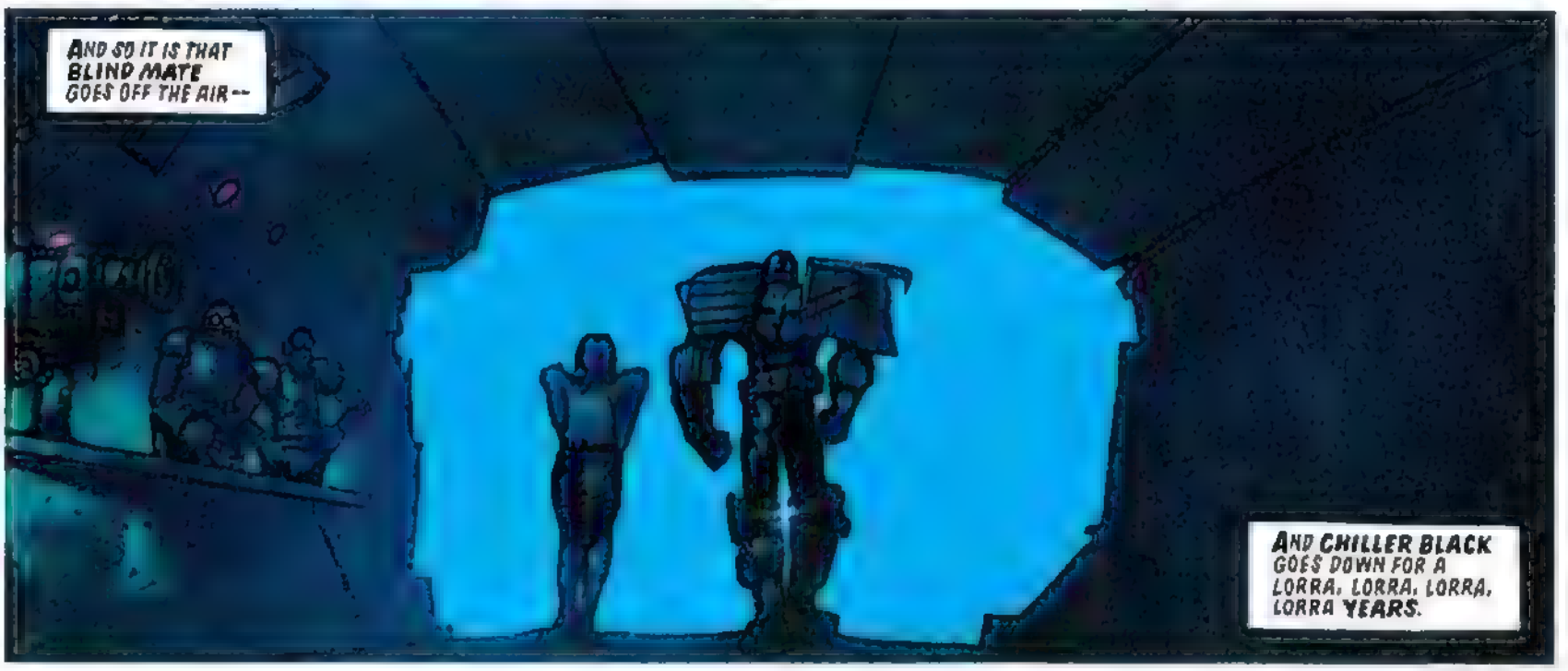
BADAMM!

OH! ME GOOD HAIRDO!

HE'S TOO SEXY FOR HIS BRAINS...
GET LOST, SLAPHEAD.
DEARY ME! WE'VE LOST A HUNK!
HMMMM...

YOU WERE EVER SO GOOD, LUV! HERE--TELL US-- D'YOU WANNA COME BACK ON THE SHOW?
YOU'D MAKE EVER SUCH A GOOD CONTESTANT, AND WE'D HAVE A LORRA, LORRA, LORRA FUN!

IMPROPER SUGGESTION. YOU'RE DOING TIME.
MOVE.


AND SO IT IS THAT BLIND MATE GOES OFF THE AIR--
AND CHILLER BLACK GOES DOWN FOR A LORRA, LORRA, LORRA, LORRA YEARS.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

I LOGGED OFF AT 0400 ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION.

I FILED MY REPORT, GRABBED A SYNTHI-CAFF, AND SETTLED DOWN TO CLEAN MY LAWGIVER--

WHY?

'COS IF I **DON'T**, THE BULLETS MIGHTN'T COME OUT THE LITTLE HOLE AT THE **END**, SPIEGL...

DON'T GET SMART, REEVES.

"I HEARD MOVEMENT IN THE CORRIDOR-- FOOTSTEPS STOPPING AT **MY** DOOR.

"THEN A GUN BREECH.

"AND ALL OF A SUDDEN--"

UNWELCOME GUESTS

"I ACTED INSTINCTIVELY. I HAD NO TIME TO PLAN."

KLIK!

BLAM! BLAM!

DODGEMS!

Script G. ENNIS
Art J. ANDERSON
Lettering TOM FRAME

PTANNG!

PYOWW!

PTOW!

THWACK!

AAAH!

ARRRGH!

SO YOU **SLAUGHTERED** TWO OF MY JUDGES! YOU DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO CHECK WHO YOU WERE FIRING AT!

I DIDN'T HAVE **TIME**. HOW WAS I TO KNOW IT WAS AN **R.P.A.?***

*THARGNOTE— R.P.A: RANDOM PHYSICAL ABUSE. AN SJS TEST OF JUDGES' HONESTY AND LOYALTY.

AND IF YOU **HAD** KNOWN?

I'D HAVE LOADED HI-EX.

REEVES!

DISMISSED.

WE'VE GOT HER **COLD**. IF SHE'S JUMPY ENOUGH TO OPEN UP LIKE THAT, SHE'S HIDING SOMETHING...

YOU SUSPECTED HER BEFORE THE R.P.A.?

NO. BUT YOU HEARD HER! HI-EX, SHE SAID!

YOU PUSHED HER.

THIS IS A DUMB TIME FOR YOU BOYS TO PLAY STORMTROOPER. WE'RE DOWN BY A THIRD -- CONTROL OF THE SOUTH SECTORS IS **LOUSY**. MORALE'S LOW...

"...AND YOU JUST TOPPED IT OFF WITH **INTER-DIVISION TENSION.**"

REEVES IS A **JUDGE KILLER**, DAMMIT!

YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO COME CRASHING IN ON AN ARMED JUDGE AND GET OFF SCOT FREE, SPIEGL.

IF YOU SPENT SOME TIME ON THE STREETS, YOU'D **KNOW** THAT.

THE HELL WITH YOU, DREDD! THE **CHIEF JUDGE**'LL BACK ME! SHE'S SJS.

THAT WAS **BEFORE** SHE TOOK THE **LONG WALK.**

Y'ALL'RE **TRIGGER HAPPY,** REEVES.

YOU SHOULDA CHECKED YOUR TARGET -- THAT'S **BASIC.**

YOU'RE A GOOD JUDGE, AN' WE KNOW TIMES'VE BEEN HARD, BUT IT AIN'T NO EXCUSE TO GO GETTIN' **SLOPPY.** WE GOT TWO SJS BOYS IN RESYK 'COS YOU NEAR AS DAMMIT **PANICKED...**

YOU'RE SUSPENDED FROM STREET DUTY FOR ONE YEAR.

BETTER SORT YOUR HEAD OUT **PRONTO,** GIRL -- OR YOU AIN'T WORTH SPIT TO US.

YES, MA'AM!

A **YEAR,** HERSHEY! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SHORT OF JUDGES!

AND SO MUCH FOR **DREDD!** I THOUGHT I COULD AT LEAST TRUST ANOTHER **STREET JUDGE** TO STAND UP FOR ME!

HE DID.

SPIEGL WANTED YOU SENT TO **TITAN.**

DREDD!

WHAT'VE YOU TOLD MCGRUDER? A YEAR OFF IS **NOTHING** FOR WHAT REEVES DID!

YOU MIGHT BE IN CHARGE OF THIS INVESTIGATION, BUT I'M DAMNED IF I-

GAAHHK!

I DON'T RECALL ASKIN' YOU IN, SPIEGL.

REEVES GOT HALF HER SHOULDER TORN OFF BY A ZOMBIE LAST YEAR, AND SHE STILL FOUGHT ON FOR **FORTY HOURS**! BUT YOU DIDN'T **CHECK** HER FOR **STRESS**, DID YOU?

WHERE WERE **YOU** ON JUDGEMENT DAY?

S-SECTOR CONTROL-- GAAGGH!

RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT, HUH?

NEXT TIME YOU COME TO MY DOOR...

KNOCK FIRST!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, DREDD! IT'S ASSAULT AND I'VE GOT WITNESSES!

YEAH?

I DIDN'T SEE A THING.

ME NEITHER.

OKAY. SHOW'S OVER...

LET'S HIT THE STREETS.

JUDGE DREDD

BARFUR

ALIEN ZOO

FREE THE CHUKWALLA! FREE THE WOOFLEBEAST! LET THE WIGGLEWAGGLE GO!

C.R.A.A.Z.I! C.R.A.A.Z.I!

GORF ?

Script: G. ENNIS
Art: JON HAWARD
Lettering: TOM FRAME

HEY! YOU'RE FRIGHTENING THE ANIMALS! CAN IT!

WE'RE HELPING THEM, YOU JAILER!

WE, THE CITIZENS REALLY ANNOYED ABOUT ZOO INCARCERATION, CALL FOR AN END TO THIS DISGUSTING PRISON! THESE NOBLE ANIMALS ROT BEHIND BARS -- AND FOR WHAT?

THE AMUSEMENT OF THE IDLE!

C.RAA.Z.I

REPATRIATE THE YABBAYABBA

HOME RULE FOR FLUNCHMUNCHERS

BRIAN SILCOCK LIVES

C.R.A.

YOU'VE KIDNAPPED THESE ANIMALS FROM THEIR HOMEWORLDS! WE WANT THEM TAKEN BACK!

SO SOME SCUMBAG CAN TURN THEM INTO COATS? GET OUTTA HERE, SPUGWIT!

CRAA

ONE SIDE, SISTER!

COME ON, BOYS! FREEDOM FOR ALL!

CRAAZ.I

BARFUR, THE ZOO'S ANTAREAN GRIZZLY BROO--

BARFUR GRIZZ BROO

LOOK! THAT NOBLE BEAST-- REDUCED TO A SIDESHOW FREAK!

HE SHOULD BE RUNNING FREE! AS FREE AS THE WIND BLOWS! AS FREE AS THE GRASS GROWS!

SEE HOW HE PINES FOR HIS NATIVE WORLD! WE SHALL CHAIN OURSELVES TO HIS CAGE! THE CITY SHALL KNOW OF HIS PLIGHT!

HURRR!

HE KNOWS US! HE WELCOMES US!

HE'LL EAT YOU, YOU JERKS, OH JEEZ--!

SOMEBODY CALL THE JUDGES!

ALIEN ZOO

HURR!

ER...

CHOMP

ONE FOR YOU AT THE ZOO, DREDD!

SWELL.

SCREEGH

GOTTA GET OUT! GOTTA GET OUT!

HURRR! SCROMPF! CHOMPF! HURRR!

CRAAZ

ROMPF?

HURRR! YOMPA-YOMPA!

HELLLP!

HUMPHA!

GRAB MY HAND! COME ON--

HURRRR!

WHAMMM!

ARRGH! GRUD ROT YOU, YOU USELESS SACK OF --AIIEEEE!

THE BROO ENCLOSURE, JUDGE DREDD! FIRST LEFT!

OH GRUD! DON'T HURT BARFUR, JUDGE! IT'S NOT HIS FAULT!

OUT OF MY WAY!

PLEASE, JUDGE! HE'S JUST A POOR DEFENCELESS BROO! THESE GUYS JUMPED IN WITH HIM!

DON'T KILL BARFUR!

CALM DOWN, CITIZEN.

HURG... HURG...

HUMF.

AND...

STUMM'S DOT TO HIS HEART! 50CC'S, STRAIGHT IN!

WE'LL HAVE TO PUT THE ANIMAL DOWN...

NO! POOR BARFUR ONLY DID WHAT COMES NATURALLY!

MED 9

HURK! HURRK!

NOW WHAT?

HAIRBALLS.

HUUCH! HAAWWC!

BARF!

SO I SEE.

DON'T GET MANY PERPS COUGHING UP THE **EVIDENCE.**

OKAY, BARFUR GETS TO LIVE--CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR DOING HIS THING. BUT I WANT **ELECTRO-MESH** ROUND HIS ENCLOSURE, UNDERSTOOD?

YAAY!

B-BUT HE'LL HAVE A TASTE FOR **HUMAN FLESH!**

THEN DON'T GIVE HIM ANY.

GUY'S GONNA BE OKAY, DREDD. WON'T BE DOING TOO MANY PRESS-UPS. BUT HE'LL BE BACK ON HIS FEET IN A MONTH.

GOOD...

...THAT'S WHEN THE **JERK** STARTS HIS **TWENTY!**

BREAKING AND ENTERING! ASSAULT! PUBLIC NUISANCE! CRUELTY TO ANIMALS! ACCESSORY TO **SUICIDE**--TWO COUNTS!

YOU'RE LUCKY WE DON'T HAND OUT TIME FOR **STUPIDITY...**

...**MEATHEAD.**

HURR HURR HURR!

HURR HURR HURR, BARFUR.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

SO THERE WE WAS AT THE GOBBIN' FINALS.

IT WAS AS ILLEGAL AS DROKK, BUT THE TIMES WERE TOUGH FOR THE JUDGES SINCE JUDGEMENT DAY...

...AN' ME AN' THE COLOSTOMY KID WAS ALWAYS BIG FANS OF GOBBIN'.

WHO'S GONNA WIN, CHUK? HUH? HUH?

THE OBJECT WAS TO HIT AS HIGH UP THE OPPOSITE BLOCK AS YOU COULD.

ME, I JUST LIKED IT FOR THE ART.

TEN OFF TOP! NICE ONE, THROATSKI!

SPLUT!

A MAN CALLED GREENER

Script: G. ENNIS
Art: A. WILLIAMS
Lettering: TOM FRAME

AND THERE WASN'T NO GREATER SPIT-ARTIST THAN GREENER HAWKE.

HOWDY!

GREENER WAS A REAL INBRED SPITLICKER FROM TEXAS CITY, PROBABLY EVEN HAD SOME **MUTIE** IN HIM. . .

AHAW! AH'M GONNA WHUP YO' YANKEE BUTTS, BOYS!

REDNECK WEIRDO!

GO HOME, FARMBOY!

BOOOOOO!

AHAW! BITCH ALL YA WANT-- AIN'T NONE O' YA KIN **FLOB GOB** LIKE **GREENER HAWKE!**

AH'M TAKIN' THE GOLDEN GOBBER BACK TO TEXAS!

THE GOLDEN GOBBER! GRUD, THE BIG MEG HAD HELD THAT BABY SINCE ORGANISED FLOBBIN' **BEGAN!**

THIS WAS SERIOUS!

EVEN MORE'N WE THOUGHT. . .

CONTROL TO DREDD! ANONYMOUS CALLER REPORTS A BIG **GOB-IN.** WALES BLOCK-- YOU'RE NEAREST!

RESPONDING.

TURNED OUT DREDD'S TIP CAME FROM THE KAUFMAN BLOCK...

Y-YOU TOLD THE JUDGES, DONGER? WILL THEY STOP IT?

I DUNNO, DILDA...

SPLOTCH!

I HOPE SO!

MEANWHILE, THERE WAS ONLY ONE GOBBER LEFT TO GOB --

AHAW! SNOG MA BUTT, MEGGERS! HERE COMES GREENER!

IT WAS A WORK OF ART.

HE STARTED GATHERIN' MUCUS AT THE BACK OF HIS THROAT, HOOVERIN' THEM NASAL PASSAGES DRY --

SNORRT!

THEN--THE HAWK! HE BROUGHT HALF A SWAMP UP INTO HIS MOUTH WITH A NOISE LIKE A STUCK RHINO!

HAAWCHK!

AN' IT FLEW FREE.

SPAATOOCH!

NEVER DID SEE ONE AS GREEN AS THAT, EITHER. MUSTA HAD SOME BILE IN IT...

IT'S GONE BALLISTIC!

GK

GREENER'O WON HANDS DOWN. HELL, EVEN **WE** WERE CHEERIN'...

...SO WE KINDA **FORGOT** ABOUT THE GOB.

AN' BY THEN, THE LITTLE SUCKER HAD BEEN DROPPIN' FOR A **MILE**.

DROKK!

HUH?

SPUSSH!

AAIIIEEE!

AAAARRGH!

KARASHHH!

TANKER CRASH ON THE THROUGHWAY, JUST SHORT OF KAUFMAN! GET EMERGENCY TEAMS HERE **NOW**!

TURBO!

SKKREEEEEE!

MULTIPLE PILE-UP NOW, CONTROL! **SNAP IT UP!**

GRUD! WHAT **HAPPENED?**

'COURSE, DIDN'T TAKE OL' STONEYFACE LONG TO PUT TWO AN' TWO TOGETHER --

WHAM!

THE GOLDEN GOBBER IS YOURS, GREENER -- HUH?

AW NO!

YOU CREEPS ARE BUSTED!

I WANT WHOEVER SPAT THE PHLEGM OVER KAUFMAN BLOCK, RIGHT NOW.

COME ON! YOU KNOW I'LL FIND HIM!

SPIT IT OUT, CREEPS!

WE NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.

BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL EVER FORGET A MAN CALLED GREENER...

AFTER ALL, HE WAS THE STUPID DROKKWIT WHO GOT US ALL CUBED UP FOR FIVE YEARS.

THE END

GET READY, BOYS AND GIRLS. HERE HE COMES. AFTER THREE--

ONE, TWO, THREE--

JUDGE DREDD

♪ HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR JUDGE DREDD-- HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! ♪

ER... MANY HAPPY RETURNS, JUDGE DREDD! ON BEHALF OF **ANDY CRANE BLOCK JUNIOR SCHOOL**, I--

SAVE IT, CREEP!

SOUND METER JUST READ EIGHT POINTS **ABOVE** LEGAL LIMIT! YOU AND THE JUVES ARE IN **BIG TROUBLE!**

Script MARK MILLAR
Art S. DITCHBURN
Lettering TOM FRAME

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JUDGE DREDD!

ELSEWHERE.

:SNIFF: OH MY POOR HAROLD... I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S GONE.

BLEW HIS **BRAINS OUT** WITH A **BLASTER** WHEN HE REACHED 150, HUH?

I HOPE YOU REALISE SUICIDE IS **ILLEGAL** WITHOUT A PERMIT, CITIZEN.

OH, I DON'T CARE... I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING.

HAROLD WAS THE ONLY THING THAT REALLY **MATTERED** TO ME.

VICTOR MELDREW GROCER

OH DEAR!

YOUR HUSBAND POSSESSED AN **ILLEGAL WEAPON**, CITIZEN! WHY DIDN'T YOU REPORT IT?

SIX MONTHS OLDSTER! CONSPIRACY TO **MURDER**!

TAP-TAX BANDITS!

FREEDOM FIGHTERS WHO DON'T BELIEVE THE CITIZENS OF THE MEG SHOULD HAVE TO PAY FOR THEIR **WATER.**

THEY ROB THE **RICH** AND SPLIT THEIR LOOT WITH THE CITY'S **POOR!**

OH MY GRUD!

SOME CALL THEM **HEROES**--BUT THE JUDGES CALL THEM **TERRORISTS!**

SMASH 'EM UP, BOYS!

HELLLLP!

CONTROL TO DREDD! TAP-TAX BANDITS RAIDING TRAFFIC IN **PEDWAY THIRTEEN.**

UNLUCKY FOR **SOME,** HUH?

UNLUCKY FOR **THEM!**

JAFFA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MAN?

JUDGES CAN LOCK YOU UP FOR SPITTING!

SHOVE IT, MAN! I LIKE SPITTING!

THEN SPIT TEETH, MEATHEAD!

AAKK!

PLACE YOUR PAL UNDER ARREST! THREE MONTHS IN THE CUBES!

Y-YESSIR!

FREEZE, CREEPS!

J-JUDGE DREDD!

TAP-TAX BANDITS! COME QUIETLY--OR NOT! YOUR CHOICE!

NO WAY I'M MESSING WITH THE BIG MAN.

'SPECIALLY NOT ON HIS BIRTHDAY!

CONTROL, GET THREE MEAT-WAGONS DOWN HERE. TAP-TAX BANDITS ARE GIVING THEMSELVES UP!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU WIMPS? WE OUTNUMBER DREDD FIFTY TO ONE!

RUSH 'IM!

INCENDIARY!

BLAM

MAKE THAT FORTY-NINE TO ONE!

ANY MORE HOT-SHOTS?

CONTROL TO DREDD! CHIEF JUDGE WANTS A WORD WITH YOU--PRONTO!

NEVER MESS WITH THE BIG MAN ON HIS BIRTHDAY, BROTHER!

DROKKIN' STRAIGHT!

SHH...I CAN HEAR THE ELEVATOR. HE'S COMING!

SURPRISE!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

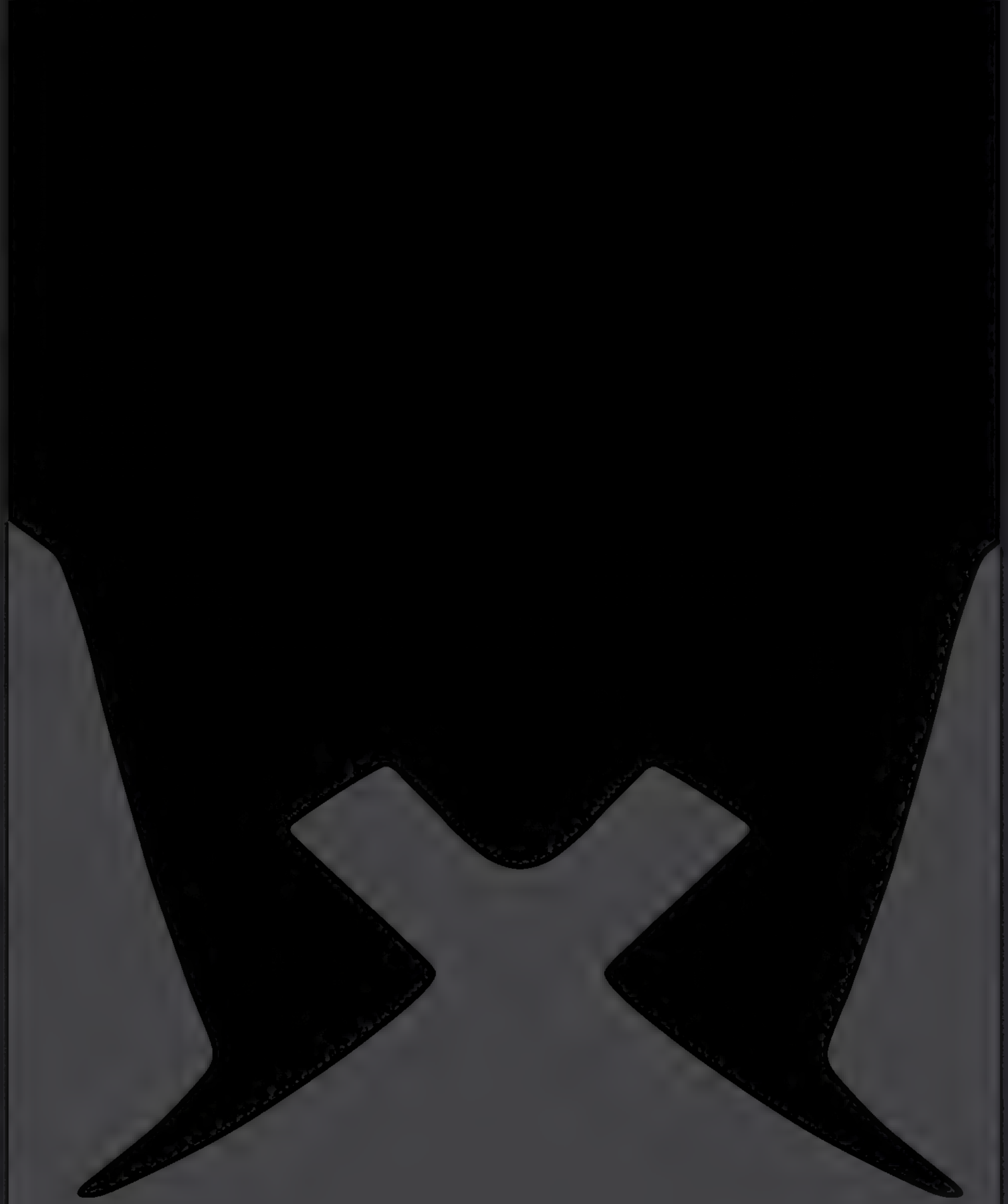
WHAT THE DROKK?

WE COULDN'T HAVE MADE IT THROUGH THIS YEAR **WITHOUT** YOU, JOE. WE BOUGHT YOU THESE.

DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE THEM?

GIVE 'EM TO CHARITY!

THE END



TRIAL BY MACHINE IS HERE
MACNEIL

RECREATION PERIOD, ISO-BLOCK 37—

IT'S A CUBE-BREAK!

ATTENTION ALL UNITS, VICINITY ISO-BLOCK 37! WE HAVE A MASS BREAKOUT!

THAT'S PRIORITY ONE! ALL UNITS ASSIST!

DREDD RESPONDING!

YOU GOT ONE ON HOLD.

HEY UH! WANNA FIGHT!

PROVOCATIVE DRESSING — SENTENCE SIX MONTHS!

TELL THE CREEP I'LL COLLECT MY FIFTY LATER.

50 CREDS TO ANYONE I CAN'T KILL

ROCKY! ROCKY SMITH!

RUN FOR IT!

CLIMB ABOARD, ROCKY! I'M BUSTIN' YOU OUTA HERE!

HEADLY! HEY! THAT'S MY BROTHER!

HEADLY!

I... I ALWAYS SAID I'D COME FOR YA, ROCKY!

YA BIG SAP! THAT WAS EIGHT YEARS AGO! I GET OUT TOMORROW!

JUDGES CONVERGE FROM ALL OVER THE SECTOR—

CUBEBREAKS OVER, BOYS!

UP AGAINST THE WALL— NOW!

JUDGES EVERYWHERE, MAN!

IN HERE!

OH MY GRUD!

EEEEEEEE!

LIONEL BLAIR'S ELOISTER'S GLEE CLUB

SHADDAP!

JUST ACT NATURAL TILL WE'RE PAST THEM JUDGES AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT!

ACT NATURAL, HE SAID! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TA BE A GLEE CLUB— SING!

UHHH... UM... WH-WHEN TROUBLES GRAB YOU BY THE THROAT... WHEN PROBLEMS DRIVE YOU MAD...

JUST TRY TO THINK A HAPPY THOUGHT--

THEN THINGS WON'T SEEM SO BAD!

CONTROL, WE GOT EIGHT FOR RETURN TO THE ISO-BLOCK.

ROGER. ACCORDING TO LATEST TALLY ONLY SIX ESCAPEES NOW STILL AT LARGE. DESCRIPTIONS FOLLOW--

HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY WE'RE SO HAPPY, YES WE ARE

HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HEARTS LAUGHING HAPPY HAPPY HO HO HAPPY

HAPPY HA HA HA! HAPPY HO

HOLD ON, CONTROL--

WILL SOMEBODY SHUT THEM UP!

NOBODY'S TAKIN' US BACK TO THE CUBES!

BACK OFF YOU SCUZBAGS OR THE GLEE CLUB STARTS DYIN'!

WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE AREA CORDONED OFF, CONTROL. I'M GOING TO GO IN AND TRY TO REASON WITH THEM — IF NOTHING ELSE IT MIGHT GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO GET THE JUMP ON THEM.

NEGATIVE. HOLD OFF FOR NOW, DREDD. JUDGE STICH IS ON HIS WAY.

YOU ARE INSTRUCTED TO HAND OVER OPERATIONAL COMMAND TO JUDGE STICH.

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT'S GOING ON?

I DUNNO, BUT I'M GETTING SICK OF WAITIN'! IF SOMETHIN' DON'T HAPPEN SOON I'M GONNA *POP* ONE OF THESE OLD BUZZARDS!

C'MON! WHADDYA ALL GONE *QUIET* FOR? I TOLD YA TA *SING!*

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, STICH?

FIELD TEST—

CLUNGG

CLUNGGG

THE NEW PROTOTYPE *JUDGE* UNIT. HE'S ALREADY BEEN BRIEFED ON THE SITUATION. WE WANT TO SEE HOW HE HANDLES IT.

A *ROBOT*—?

FORGET IT, STICH! LOAD IT UP AND GET IT OUT OF HERE!

MAY I REMIND YOU I HAVE OPERATIONAL COMMAND.

STICK YOUR OPERATIONAL COMMAND! NO MACHINE IS HANDING OUT JUSTICE IN THIS CITY!

BACK IN THE CAN, CHARLIE! THAT'S AN ORDER!

+ORDER INVALID+
+REJECT+

STICK YOUR ORDER.

STEP ASIDE.

DREDD!

I HAVE CHIEF JUDGE'S AUTHORISATION! CHECK IT!

HAS THE CHIEF JUDGE TAKEN LEAVE OF HER *SENSES*?

NO, MERELY BOWING TO THE INEVITABLE. PROGRESS. (WE'VE RESISTED IT TOO LONG.)

YOU SHOULD BE *HONOURED*, DREDD. WE BASED THE ROBOT'S *BEHAVIOURAL* STYLE ON IDEAS OUTLINED IN YOUR *OWN* "COMPORTMENT."

A CERTAIN ARROGANCE — A NATURAL AIR OF COMMAND — THESE WILL ENCOURAGE CITIZENS TO ACCEPT IT AS A FIGURE OF AUTHORITY.

CALL IT — IF YOU LIKE — *MECHANISMO*.

THAT'S ALL WE NEED — A ROBOT WITH *ATTITUDE*!

LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE *FUTURE* OF *LAW ENFORCEMENT*!

YOU CREEPS IN THERE —

ARE YOU READY TO *DIE*?

HEY, DREDD! WE AIN'T NEGOTIATIN' WITH NO ROBOT! GET IT OUTA HERE OR THESE CROCKS START CROAKIN'!

BADOW BADOW!

FZANGGGG!

REINFORCED ARMOUR BODYSHELL, CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING LASER STRIKES UP TO INTENSITY 12.

DON'T KID YOURSELF I'M HERE TO NEGOTIATE, CREEP!

+SUBJECT: COLLINS, ERNEST--AKA "CYBORG"+ +CURRENT: 25 YEARS, ISO-BLOCK 37 (MULT, HOM / ARV)+ ++ACCESS 4009288 FOR FURTHER DATA++

I.D. VERIFICATION IS ACHIEVED USING OVER TWO HUNDRED REFERENCE POINTS ON THE FACE AND BODY.

THE ROBOT IS IN DIRECT RADIO CONTACT WITH JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ***MAINFRAME***. THAT'S INSTANT ACCESS TO OVER ***EIGHTY MILLION*** CRIMINAL RECORDS.

++DANGER TO LIFE+ +PRIORITISE++

DON'T WORRY, HE CAN'T DO NOTHIN' TO US! HE'S A ***ROBOT***—ROBOTS AIN'T ***ALLOWED*** TO HURT PEOPLE!

IN THAT CASE WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN WILL COME AS SOMETHING OF A SHOCK TO YOU.

++TERMINATE++ ++TERMINATE++ ++TERMINATE++

HOLY JEEZ! ERNIE—?

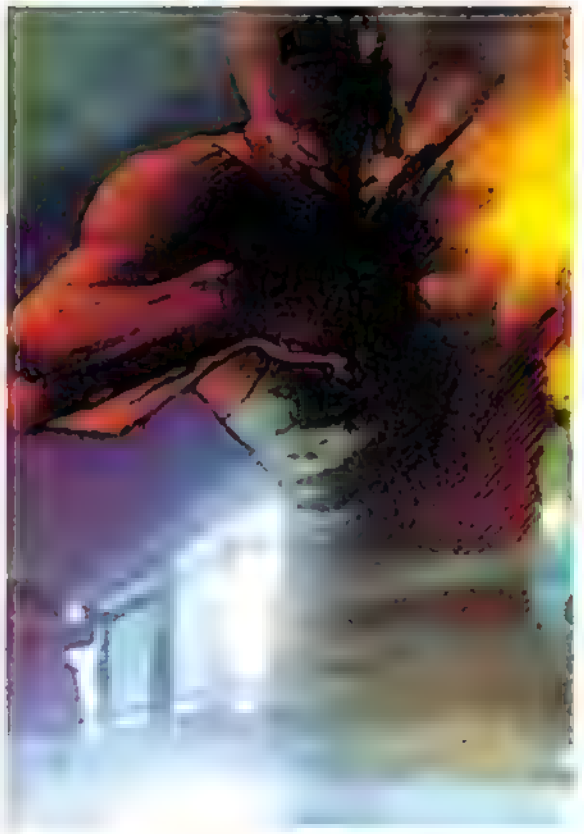
SMOKE!

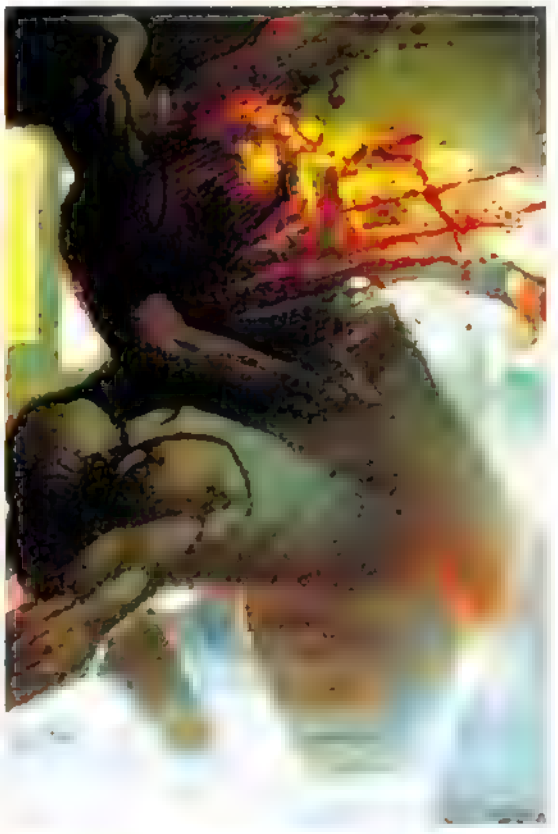
THE ROBOT IS PROGRAMMED TO **PRIORITISE** ITS ACTIONS. IN THIS CASE, IMMEDIATE PRIORITY WOULD BE GIVEN TO NULLIFYING THE DANGER FROM THE FIREARM.

THE ROBOT'S **OWN** SIDEARM FIRES BOTH BLAST AND CUTTING BEAMS, AS WELL AS A VARIETY OF STANDARD PROJECTILES.

"INFRA-RED AND IMAGE INTENSIFICATION SENSORS GIVE THE ROBOT EXCELLENT VISION IN ALL CONDITIONS."

WHERE'S THAT FREAKIN' GUN—?





CONVINCED?
ABSOLUTELY!

PANIC'S OVER, CITIZENS!

LET'S JUST CLEAR THIS SMOKE AWAY.

DAMN! YOU MAY BE A ROBOT, BUDDY, BUT YOU'RE A-OKAY WITH US!

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU. UH... JUDGE...!

♪ FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW ♫ FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW ♫♪

'RAAAAY, ROBOJUDGE!

HE GOT 'EM ALL!

MED SQUAD, IN THERE!

TWO FOR RESYK—ONE FOR THE CUBES.

EXCELLENT. WHAT ADDITIONAL SENTENCE WILL YOU GIVE THIS ONE?

+SUBJECT: IKKY, JAMES+
+ CURRENT: 6 MONTHS, ISO-BLOCK 37 (SHOPLIFT)+
++NO PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS++

YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO SHOPLIFTING, IKKY. YOU EARNED YOURSELF ANOTHER FIVE YEARS FOR TODAY'S PERFORMANCE.

GOOD. I AGREE.

TAKE HIM AWAY!

THAT WILL BE ALL FOR NOW. WAIT INSIDE.

I THINK YOU'LL AGREE, DREDD, A PRETTY IMPRESSIVE PIECE OF MACHINERY.

THAT'S JUST IT—A MACHINE!

WE JUST WATCHED A MACHINE KILL TWO PEOPLE—AND YOU'RE COMIN' ON LIKE SOME PROUD FATHER? HOW EXACTLY DOES IT DECIDE WHO DIES, STITCH?

QUITE RATIONALLY, I ASSURE YOU. A SIMPLE POINTS SYSTEM BASED ON THE SAME KIND OF EVALUATIONS YOU OR I WOULD HAVE TO MAKE—RISK TO LIFE, EXPEDIENCY—ETCETERA, ETCETERA.

AND AT MUCH GREATER SPEED, I MIGHT ADD.

LIKE IT OR NOT, DREDD, ROBOJUDGE IS HERE TO STAY.

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.

STEP ASIDE!

BINGHAM AND JABLONSKI...

JUST KIDS...

WE RUSHED THEM THROUGH THE ACADEMY, PUT THEM OUT ON THE STREETS BEFORE THEY WERE READY... POOR SUCKERS WALKED INTO A TRAP ANY 9TH YEAR CADET SHOULD'VE SPOTTED.

WE'RE REAL SHORT OF GOOD JUDGES, JOE. WE'VE BEEN IN A MESS SINCE *NECROPOLIS* AND THINGS AREN'T GETTING ANY BETTER. YOU KNOW HOW MANY JUDGES WE LOST TO *SABBAT* AND HIS ZOMBIES.

BUT THIS ISN'T THE WAY, CHIEF JUDGE!

AUXILIARIES, SURE — BUT YOU *CAN'T* LET A *ROBOT* LOOSE WITH THAT KIND OF *POWER*.

WE UNDERSTAND YOUR RESERVATIONS. YOU HAVE OUR WORD, THE ROBOT UNITS WILL BE CLOSELY MONITORED UNTIL WE'RE ABSOLUTELY SURE.

UNITS—! YOU MEAN THERE'S *MORE* THAN ONE?

TEN.

TEN?

TO START WITH.

DROKK! YOU *HAVE* TAKEN LEAVE OF YOUR SENSES!

THE ROBO-JUDGES ARE ON THE STREETS!
YES! AS OF 10-00 HOURS THIS AYEM TEN NEW ROBOT JUDGE UNITS HAVE BEGUN DUTY IN THE CENTRAL SECTORS OF MEGA-CITY ONE!
THE ROBOTS—WHICH CARRY A FORMIDABLE ARRAY OF WEAPONRY—ARE VESTED WITH FULL JUDICIAL POWERS!
THAT MEANS THEY CAN ARREST YOU—SEARCH YOU—SENTENCE YOU—AND, IF NECESSARY—BLOW YOUR BONES AWAY!
THAT'S RIGHT! THESE DROIDS ARE LICENSED TO KILL AND IF CIRCUMSTANCES WARRANT IT THEY WILL NOT HESITATE TO DO SO!

JUDGE DESMON STICH, IN CHARGE OF THE ROBO-JUDGE PROGRAMME — *MACHINES* WITH THE POWER OF *LIFE AND DEATH*? IS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT GOING A DANGEROUS STEP *TOO FAR*?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO.

THERE IS NO REASON TO SUPPOSE ROBOTS WILL PERFORM ANY LESS WELL THAN THEIR HUMAN COUNTERPARTS. INDEED, WITH TODAY'S TECHNOLOGY THERE IS EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THEY WILL PERFORM *BETTER*.

IN FACT, AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE EVIDENCE THAT THE ROBOTS HAVE ALREADY *SAVED* LIFE WHERE A HUMAN JUDGE WOULD HAVE FAILED.

THE INCIDENT TOOK PLACE IN BUSY, DOWNTOWN SECTOR 12. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MONITOR CAMERAS PICKED UP THE ACTION—

A *HOVERTANKER*, INWARD BOUND FROM THE ANDEAN CONURB WITH A CARGO OF SOLVENTS, EXPERIENCED AN *EXPLOSION* ON BOARD.

IT'S COMING DOWN!

THE ROBOT JUDGE IDENTIFIED THE TANKER'S HIGHLY-EXPLOSIVE CARGO AND IMMEDIATELY NOTIFIED EMERGENCY SERVICES.

SOLVENT
HIGHLY COMBUSTIBLE

ROBOT'S "EYE" VIEW.

GIVE 'EM SOME WILLIE
HASHLEYYY!

ASHLEYYY!

THE ROBOT RECEIVED SLIGHT DAMAGE TO THE BODYSHELL, WHICH WAS SOON REPAIRED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MECHANICS.
THE CHILD, YOUNG ASHLEY CARMICHAEL OF PETER WELLER LOWRISE, EMERGED WITH ONLY MINOR BRUISES.

NO NORMAL JUDGE COULD HAVE USED HIS BODY TO SHIELD THAT CHILD. I THINK THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

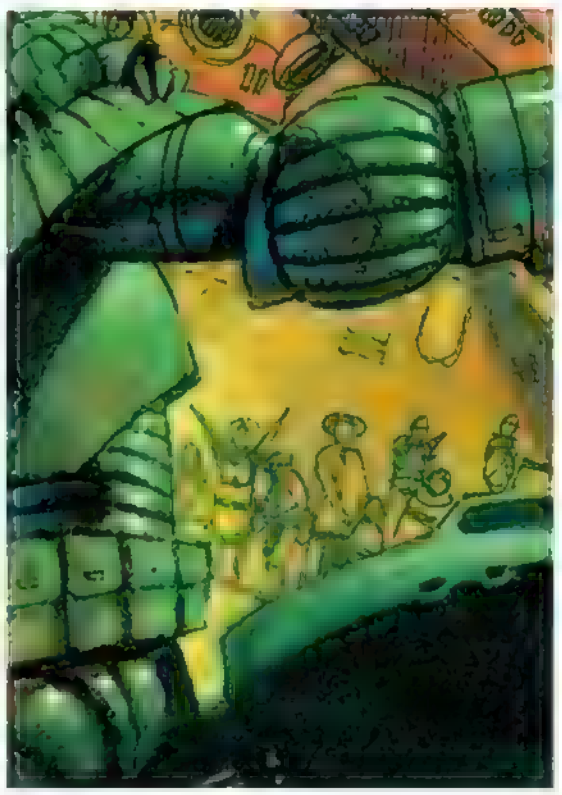
SO TODAY ONE LITTLE GIRL AT LEAST HAS REASON TO BE GRATEFUL TO THE ROBO-JUDGES. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF US?

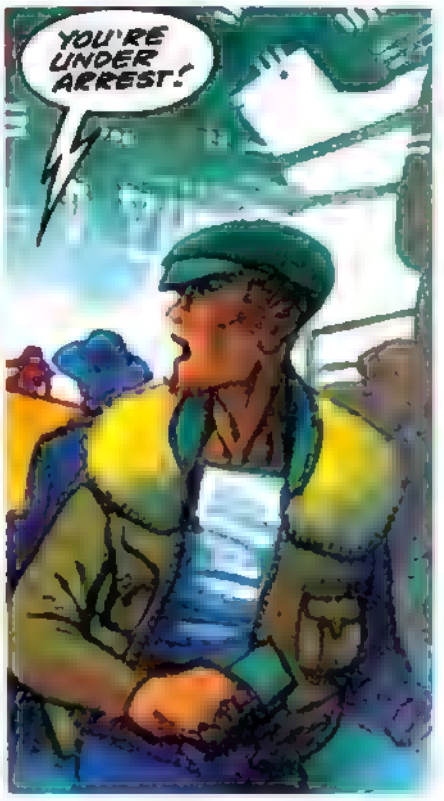
BLAM!

HOW WILL JOE CIT REACT TO THE IMPOSITION OF ROBOT LAW? AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE BODYCOUNT STARTS RISING?

CAN TRIAL BY MACHINE EVER BE ACCEPTABLE?

LOOK! THERE'S ONE!





5'S GOT A BAG-DIPPER.

HE'S RUNNING FOR IT.

+SUBJECT:
HEINZ WILLARD
AKA: WILLY-DONK
+PREVIOUS:
PP/P THEFT
(14 PREV)
++ACCESS 3549202
FOR FURTHER DATA++

+ SUBJECT ABSCONDING +

++ DETAIN
++ DETAIN
++ DETAIN ++

CARELESSNESS WITH YOUR POSSESSIONS CAN CONSTITUTE *INCITEMENT*, CITIZEN. NEXT TIME *YOU'LL* BE THE ONE DOING *TIME*.

Y-Y-YES, SIR!

MY PURSE!

KAPOW! KAPOW! KAPOW! YOU'EE DEAD, TINHEAD!

BUBBY! STOP THAT—!

IT'S NOT A *REAL* GUN, JUDGE! IT'S JUST A *TOY!*

+ ID SCAN NEGATIVE +

+ SUBJECT UNKNOWN +

DONK DONK

CUTE LITTLE TYKE.

PHEWWwww... FOR A MOMENT THERE--

WE HAVE A *MALFUNCTION* ON 9.

UP AGAINST THE WALL, CREEP.

CRUNCHHH!

UP AGAINST THE WALL, CREEP.

IT'S CAUGHT IN A LOOP — JUST KEEPS BASHIN' THE CREEP. LOOKS LIKE MOTOR FUNCTION —

SHUT IT DOWN!

UP AGAINST THE WA--ERKKKK

CONTROL TO DREDD! GO TO CORNER OF 945TH STREET AND SARGASSO. ROBOT JUDGE MALFUNCTION — CITIZEN INJURED.

DROKK! IT'S STARTED!

GET ANOTHER ONE OF ME, HONEY!

SLOBS CLUB

POW POW!

CALL YOURSELF A JUDGE? FOR TWO CREDS I'D BEAT YA INTA SCRAP!

FUCK ME

THEY'RE MAKING A *MOCKERY* OF THE LAW!

YOU CREEPS *CLEAR OFF*—BEFORE I START HANDIN' OUT *HOSPITAL TIME!*

SLOBS CLUB

Uhhhhh

WHAT'D THE ROBOT PICK THIS BOZO UP FOR, CONTROL?

PUBLIC NUISANCE— PULLING *FACES* AT PASSERS-BY.

IT'S CURED THAT PROBLEM ANYWAY— POOR SUCKER HASN'T GOT A FACE LEFT TO *PULL*.

GOING TO BE SOME *HEAVY* COMPENSATION TO PAY ON THIS ONE.

MED-WAGON ON ITS WAY.

STICH— ARE YOU TUNING IN TO THIS?

AFFIRMATIVE.

WHAT WE HAVE HERE, STICH, IS THE FIRST CITIZEN *ILLEGALLY INJURED* BY ONE OF YOUR ROBOTS. IT'S PURE *LUCK* HE WASN'T KILLED.

THAT'S NONSENSE AND YOU KNOW IT.

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO ARGUE WITH YOU. I'M ASKING YOU ONE LAST TIME — STOP THIS NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

OH, COME. YOU'RE MAKING FAR TOO MUCH OF ONE INCIDENT, DREDD. IT'S JUST A *TEETHING PROBLEM*.

YEAH?

WELL, IF THESE *TEETHING* PROBLEMS *KEEP* HAPPENING — AND I'VE GOT A FEELING THEY *WILL* — THEN *YOU'RE* GOING TO BE THE ONE WITH TEETHING PROBLEMS!

'COS *I'LL* BE *GIVING* THEM TO YOU!

BELIEVE IT!

I WON'T TELL YOU PEOPLE AGAIN! MOVE ALONG! NOTHING TO SEE HERE!

TYPICAL DREDD! JUST A THUG IN JUDGE'S UNIFORM — I'VE ALWAYS SAID IT.

NOT TO HIS FACE YOU HAVEN'T.

WE HAVE A *MALFUNCTION* ON 3.

ON YOUR KNEES, YOU SCUM!

++LITTERING++

++SERIOUS OFFENCE++
++SERIOUS OFFENCE++

I SAID ON YOUR FREAKIN' KNEES! THAT MEANS YOU!

YOU CREEPS BETTER LEARN TO SHOW SOME RESPECT! I'M A JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE AND WHEN I GIVE AN ORDER YOU BETTER DAMN WELL JUMP TO IT!

YOU GOT THAT?

YOU GOT THAT, HAIRBALL?

Y-Y-Y-YES, SIR!

NOW WHICH OF YOU LAWBREAKERS DROPPED THIS WRAPPER?

GOING RIGHT OVER THE TOP.

BETTER SHUT IT DOWN.

CAN'T FIX THE ROBOT HERE. WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT IN.

WHAT WENT WRONG?

CAN'T BE ABSOLUTELY SURE TILL I'VE STRIPPED IT RIGHT DOWN, BUT I RECKON THE PROBLEM'S IN THE *AVR* BOARD HERE...

SEE, YOU GOT DEFINITE SIGNS OF OVERHEATING THERE...

AVR?

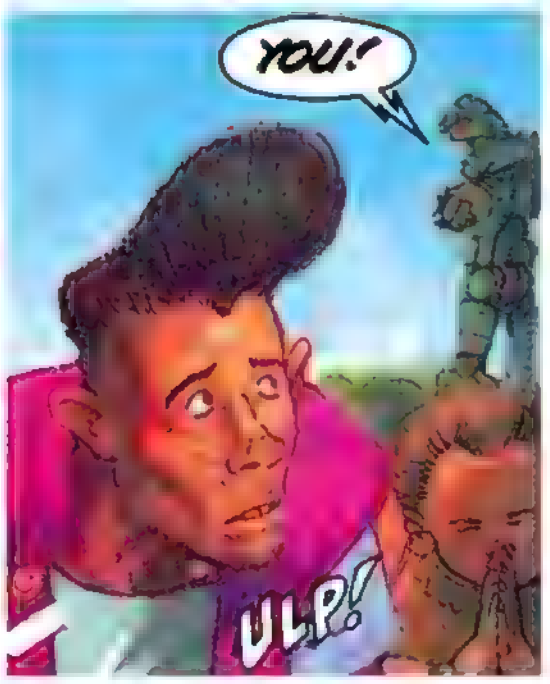
AUTOMATIC VARIABLE RESPONSE. IT REGULATES THE ROBOT'S *BEHAVIOURAL* PROGRAMME—ALLOWS IT TO ADOPT THE APPROPRIATE ATTITUD-INAL RESPONSE TO ANY GIVEN SITUATION.

MY GUESS IS IT'S JUST A FAULTY *RESISTOR*, LETTING TOO MUCH JUICE THROUGH. THE ROBOT JUST GOT *OVER*-AGGRESSIVE.

TOO MUCH *MECHANISMO*?

YOU GOT IT.

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, LAWBREAKER!
IT'S NOT RESPONDING—!
ONE SINGLE MOLECULE DRIFTING ON THE AIR IS ENOUGH FOR MY OLFACTORY RECEPTORS!
I'M HOMING IN ON YOU NOW— HOMING IN--


YOU!
ULP!

LITTERING IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE!
++GUILTY++GUILTY++
++GUILTY++GUILTY++

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT—!
COME ON, DAMN YOU! SHUT DOWN!
+LITTERING
+6 MONTHS

I-I THOUGHT I PUT IT IN THE RECEPTACLE— HONEST!

+LIE+LIE+LIE+

MY INBUILT LIE DETECTOR SAYS YOU'RE LYING— CREEP!

AND LYING TO A JUDGE IS AN EVEN MORE SERIOUS OFFENCE!

Craakkk!

SQUIT!

AAAAAHH!

LITTERING— 6 MONTHS! WITHHOLDING EVIDENCE— 6 MONTHS! PERJURY — 5 YEARS!

TOTAL SENTENCE: SIX YEARS!

AND THINK YOURSELF LUCKY I'M IN A GOOD MOOD!

SIX YEARS FOR A STINKING LITTER RAP? NO!

THAT'S LUDICROUS! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO HIM!

GRAAA-aaak!

DON'T TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO, CREEP—!

WHAT ABOUT THE *REST* OF YOU? ANYONE *ELSE* WANT TO TELL ME MY JOB? ANY OTHER *WISEGUYS?*

NO—ALL KEEPING *VERY* QUIET NOW, AREN'T WE? AND *WHY?*

I'LL TELL YOU WHY!

BECAUSE YOU'RE *LAWBREAKERS!* EVERY *ONE* OF YOU!

ALL HIDING YOUR GUILTY SECRETS—HOPING I'LL PASS YOU BY—HOPING I WON'T PICK *YOU*...

WELL, I'LL GET THE EVIDENCE, BELIEVE ME. NOBODY LEAVES HERE TILL I EXPOSE YOUR CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES!

WE'LL START WITH A *FULL* BODY SEARCH!

EVERYBODY—*STRIP OFF!*

++ESTABLISH GUILT++

+STRIP SEARCH+
+STRIP SEARCH+

IT JUST WON'T RESPOND!

GIVE ME THE MIKE!

NUMBER 3! THIS IS JUDGE STICH! SCANALYSE MY VOICE!

REPEAT— SCANALYSE MY VOICE!

++VP SCAN++

+SUBJECT: STICH, JUDGE DESMON+

+HEAD OF PROJECT MECHANISMO+

LET'S NOT BE SHY. THE *U-FRONTS*, TOO, CITIZEN.

++VP CONFIRMED. GO AHEAD, JUDGE STICH++

YOU ARE EXCEEDING YOUR POWERS! I AM *ORDERING* YOU TO *SHUT DOWN!*

YOU HAVE A SERIOUS MALFUNCTION! I REPEAT— I'M ORDERING YOU TO SHUT DOWN IMMEDIATELY!

ACKNOWLEDGE MY ORDER NUMBER 3!

RIOT PL

ACKNOWLEDGED

STANDING BY
STANDING BY
STANDING BY

THANK GRUO!

IT'S STOPPED MOVING!

I THINK IT'S SWITCHED OFF—!

HELLO! J-JUDGE—?

BE CAREFUL, ROGEY!

YEAH! IT'S OFF ALL RIGHT!

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED! I'M GOING TO COMPLAIN TO THE JUDGES!

C'MON, HONEY, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE.

LOTTA GOOD THAT'LL DO YA.

THING WENT POWER CRAZY—!

I DON'T TRUST THAT THING...

CONTROL TO DREDD!

GO TO BARTMAN PLAZA. ROBOT JUDGE MALFUNCTION.

ANOTHER ONE?

ROBOT BECAME OVER-AGGRESSIVE, FORCED ENTIRE CROWD TO STRIP FOR SEARCH. ESTIMATE 40 PEOPLE. ROBOT NOW SHUT DOWN.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I QUIT!

THAT OLD *MECHANISMO* WORKING OVERTIME AGAIN!

I-I CAN'T HELP THE WAY I AM, JUDGE! I GOT HORMONES!

SHUT UP!

TELL STITCH IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM HE'LL GET THE *REST* OF THOSE ROBOTS OFF THE STREETS RIGHT NOW.

WHO'S STITCH? I DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!

I SAID SHUT UP!

THEY'RE BRINGING *NUMBER 9* IN NOW.

I'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS WE HAVE ANYTHING. IN THE MEANTIME MAYBE YOU SHOULD CALL THEM ALL IN.

TWO MALFUNCTIONS CAN'T BE JUST BAD LUCK.

IT'S TOO SOON! WE'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE!

WE HAVE A *MALFUNCTION* ON *8*!

LOOKS LIKE A *FATALITY*!

The LISTERIA LOUNGE

STOP OR I *FIRE*, CRAZYFACE!

I—I'M NOT CRAZYFACE! M-M-MY NAME'S NOT CRAZYFACE!

+ SUBJECT:
ENGLES, FLIP--AKA
"CRAZYFACE"+
+ WANTED:
HOMICIDE, NARCO (7DDV),
SUSP/AB PENDING +
++ACCESS 1580071 FOR
FURTHER DATA++

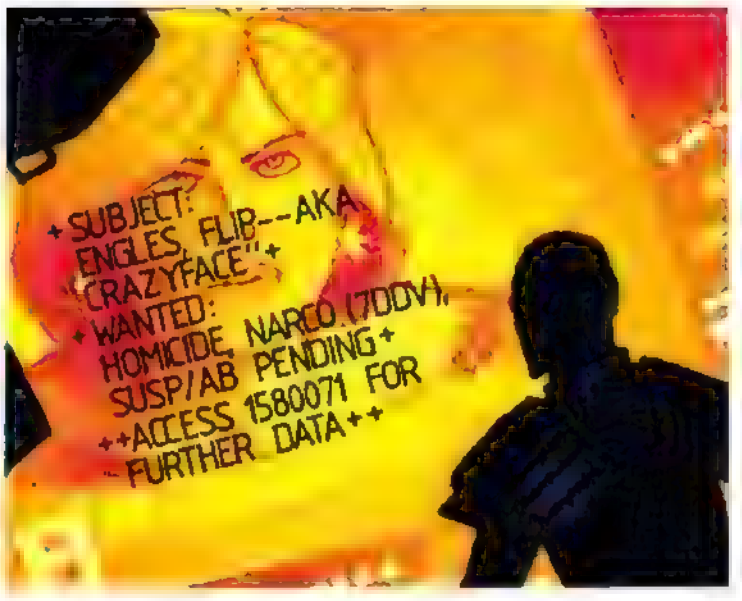
IT IDENTIFIED ONE PATRON AS THIS FLIP "CRAZYFACE" ENGLES — WRONGLY, I'M CERTAIN.

NOW IT'S DOING THE SAME THING!

YOU CAN'T LIE TO ME, SCUM.'

AAAHHHH!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE—?
YOU CAN'T DO THIS, JUDGE! THAT MAN HADN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG!
I CAN DO ANYTHING I LIKE! I'M THE LAW!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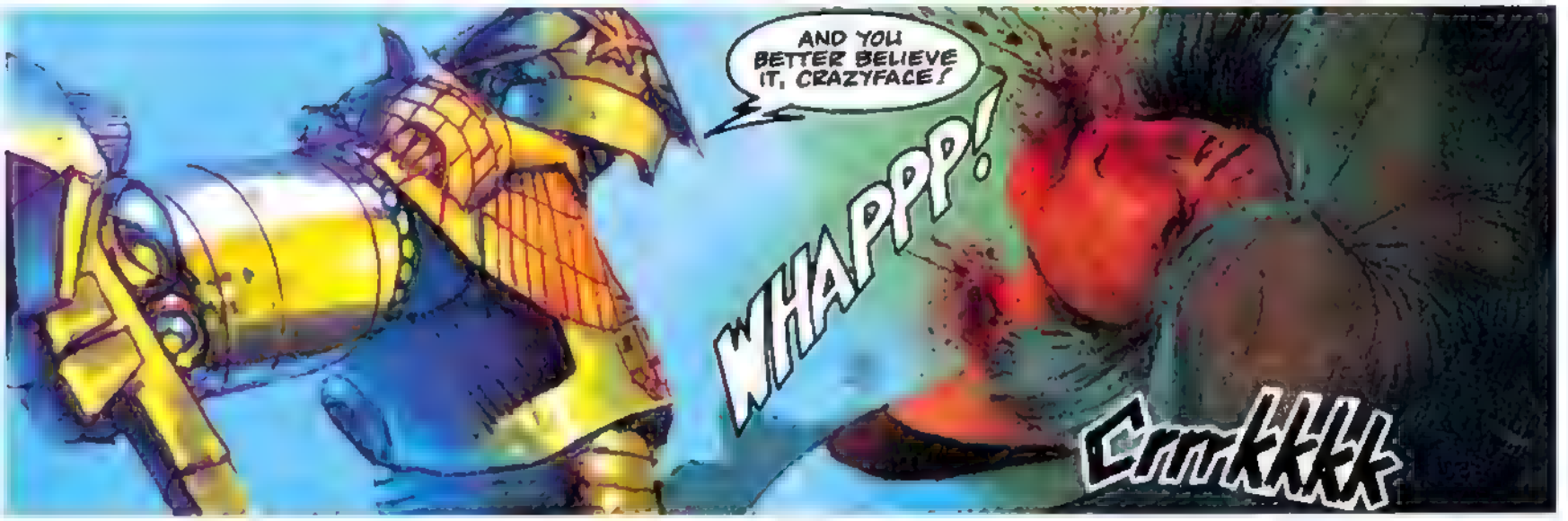

AND YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, CRAZYFACE!
WHAPPP!
Crrrkkkk

IT WON'T SHUT DOWN!
NUMBER 3—

+SUBJECTS DISPERSING+
—IT'S STARTED UP AGAIN!
YOU CREEPS!

+DETAIN+DETAIN+DETAIN+
DID I SAY YOU COULD GO ANYWHERE?

++TRACKING++

UNNNHHH!

WHIP!-

WHIP!

WHIP!-

SOMEBODY HELLPP USSS!

NUMBER 3! YOU WERE ORDERED TO SHUT DOWN!

+ORDER INVALID+
++REJECT++

YOU CANNOT REJECT!

++I MUST DO MY DUTY++

++THE PEOPLE MUST BE JUDGED++

++WARNING!! INTERFERING WITH A JUDGE IN THE EXECUTION OF ITS DUTY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE++

YOU!

I SAID GET BACK HERE!

I WON'T! I DON'T HAVE TO! I'M GOING TO MAKE A COMPLAINT ABOUT YOU! I'M LEAVING AND DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!

IN THAT CASE YOU LEAVE ME NO ALTERNATIVE!

++WARNING!! INTERFERING WITH A JUDGE IN THE EXECUTION OF ITS DUTY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE++

GRUD!

SHUT THEM DOWN! SHUT THEM ALL DOWN!

NUMBER 1 SHUT DOWN!

NUMBER 4 SHUT DOWN!

NUMBER 10 SHUT DOWN!

NUMBER 3 STILL REFUSING TO RESPOND.

JUDGE DREDD IS ON THE SCENE.

NUMBER 2 SHUT DOWN!

NUMBER 7 SHUT DOWN!

NUMBER 6 SHUT DOWN!

NUMBER 5 SHUT DOWN!

NUMBER 8 STILL REFUSING TO RESPOND!

UNITS ON THEIR WAY!

STICH— ROONEY.

WE'VE HAD A GOOD LOOK AT NUMBER 9 NOW. IT LOOKS PRETTY STRAIGHTFORWARD TO ME.

YOUR **RESISTOR'S** LETTING THROUGH TOO MUCH CURRENT, CAUSING OVERHEATING ON THE **AVR**. THAT CAUSES YOUR **INHIBITOR** TO CUT OUT—

—AND WITHOUT THAT TO **LIMIT** ITS BEHAVIOUR THE **MECHANISMO** PROGRAMME JUST GOES OUT OF CONTROL.

CAN YOU FIX IT?

OH, SURE. REPLACE THE RESISTOR, FIT SOME KIND OF FAILSAFE. NO PROBLEM.

UNTIL THAT HAPPENS WHAT YOU GOT IS A ROBOT WITH AN **ATTITUDE** PROBLEM—

—ONE THAT CAN RAPIDLY TURN INTO A GOD COMPLEX!

+SUBJECT: DREDD, JUDGE JOE+

JUDGE DREDD! HELP US!

THESE CREEPS GIVING YOU ANY TROUBLE?

NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.

JUDGE, YOU AIN'T TAKIN' HIS SIDE! WE'RE INNOCENT! WE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!

NOBODY'S INNOCENT!

WHAPP-P!

WE'RE TAKING YOU CREEPS IN FOR FULL INTERROGATION!

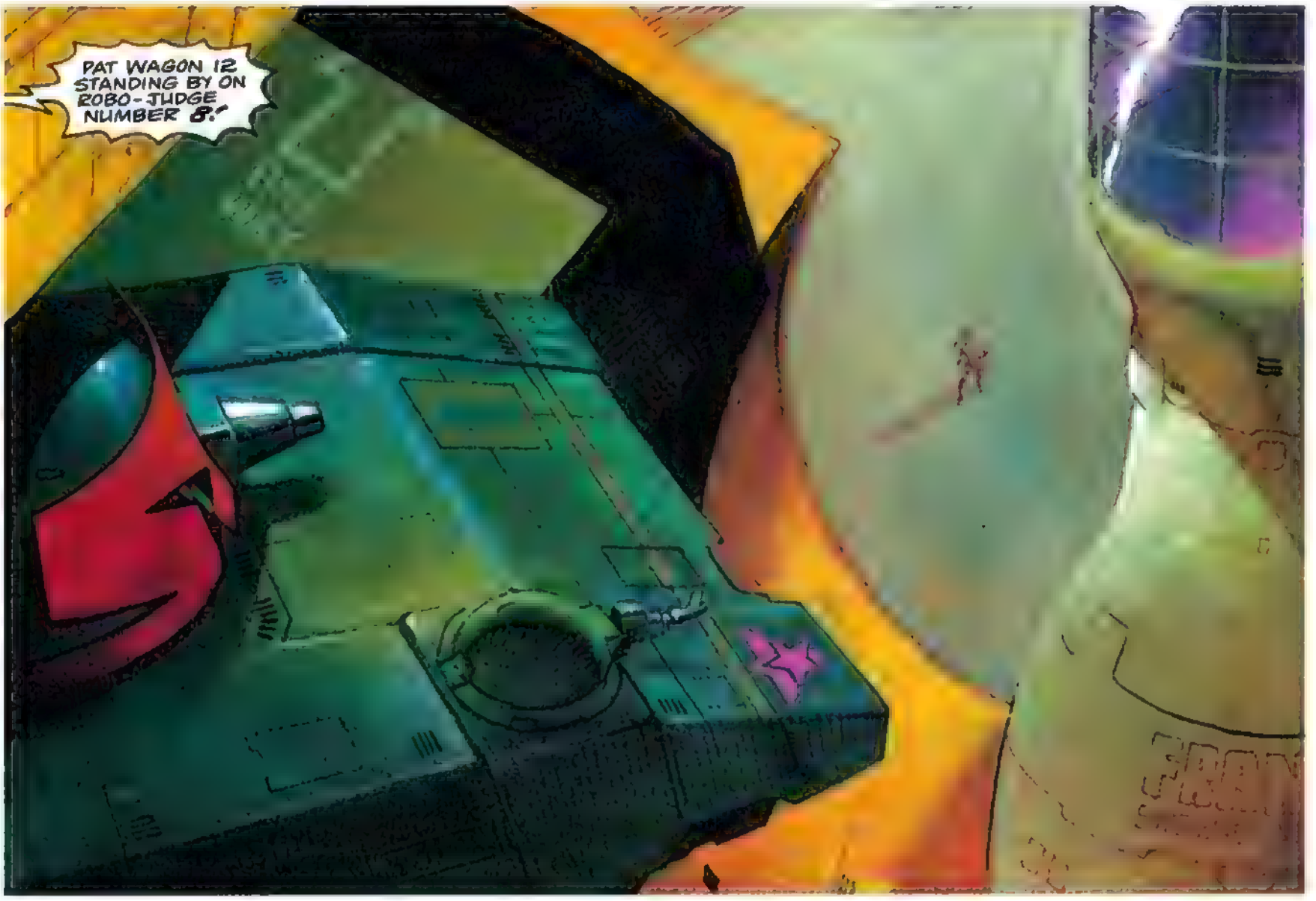
CATCH WAGON'S ON ITS WAY! WAIT IN THE UNDERPASS!

YOU HEARD ME! MOVE!

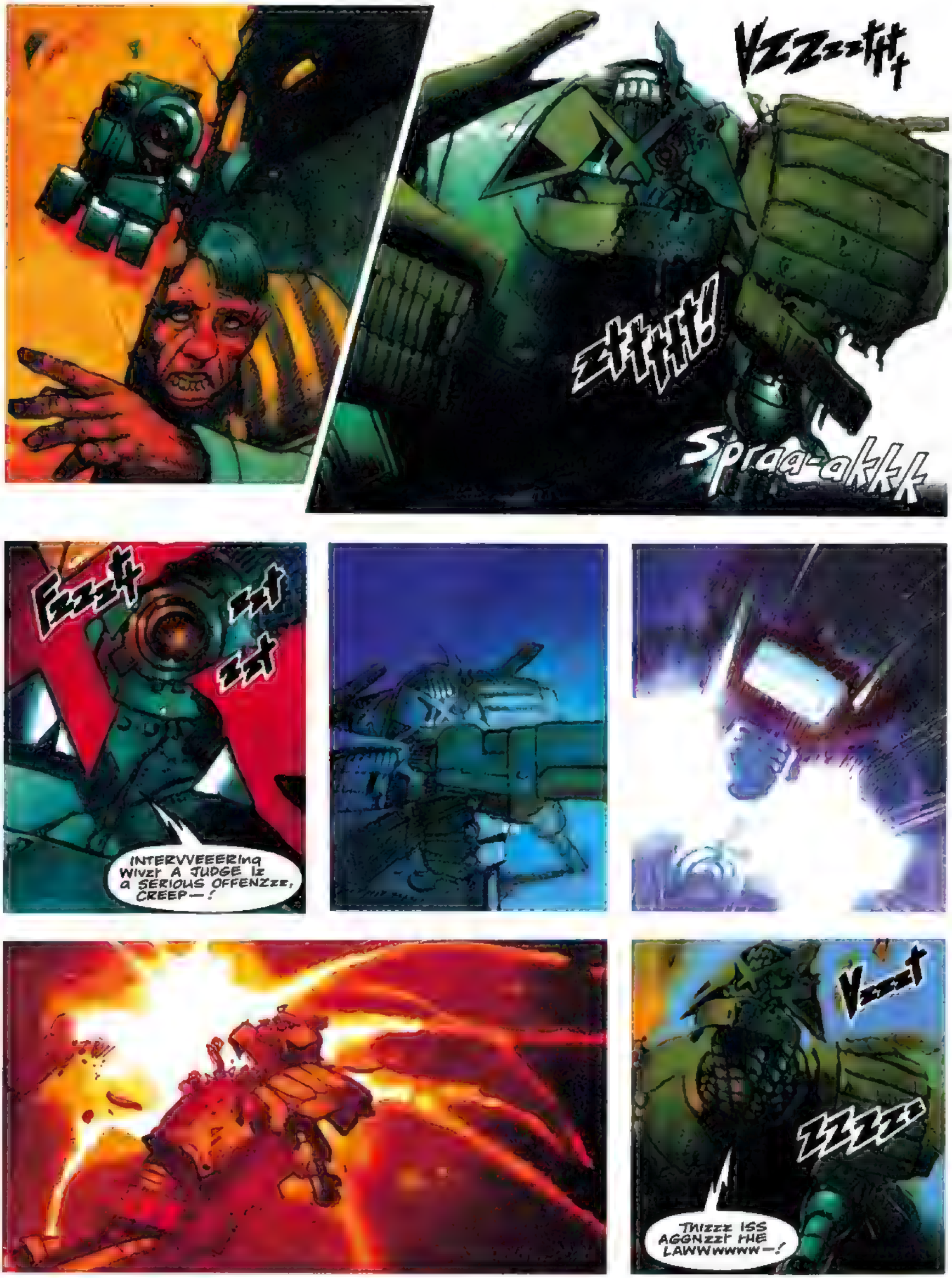
CONTACT ON 8!

WHAT'S HE UP TO?

HE'S HUMOURING IT, TRYING TO GET THE CITIZENS CLEAR--


PAT WAGON 12 STANDING BY ON ROBO-JUDGE NUMBER 8.

JUST YOU AND ME NOW, ROBOT.


VZZZZZTTTT
ZTTTTT!
Spraa-akkk
EZZZT
ZZT
ZZT
INTERVVEEERING WIVZT A JUDGE IZ A SERIOUS OFFENZZZ, CREEP—!
VZZZT
ZZZZZ
THIZZZ ISS AGGNZZT THE LAWWWWWW—!

INTERVVVERINqq
WIZZZ A JUDGE...
JUDddGGE...
JuDGzzGGzZIrrr.
YOU'RE NO JUDGE, YOU NEVER WERE.
JUST A BAD MISTAKE.
MACNEIL '92

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster.

The cold within him froze his features, and spoke out in his grating voice. He carried his own low temperature always about with him, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. The wind that blew was bitterer than he, no pelting rain less open to entreaty.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me? No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

SUPER M MART

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and, when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

CONTROL, YOU GOT ONE ON HOLD, YULE STREET! COLLECTOR'S LICENCE OUT OF DATE!

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time – of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve – old Scrooge was busy at his toil...

CONTROL TO DREDD! GO TO MISSION STREET. PRISONER ESCAPED FROM HIGH-SECURITY TRANSPORTER.

RESPONDING!

TRANSPORTER EN ROUTE FOR PSYCHO CUBES.

PRISONER BRAD MARLEY, AKA "MAD BRAD". DERANGED AND DANGEROUS. TAKE ALL CAUTION.

CHINK!

CHINK!

MARLEY! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

WHANGG!

YOU JUDGES NEVER LEAVE A GUY ALONE! ALL I WANT TO DO IS SEE MY FAMILY AT CHRISTMAS!

UHHHH...

LET THE MAN GO, JOE! HE ONLY WANTS TO BE WITH HIS LOVED ONES!

UHH-?

RICO- MY BROTHER-?

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME FOR CHARITY- FOR GOODWILL TO YOUR FELLOW MAN. HAVE YOU NO **HEART**, JOE?

YOU HAD ONE **ONCE**, LONG AGO, YOU TOO FELT THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS. **REMEMBER**, JOE...?

WE WERE BUT FIRST YEAR CADETS... CLONE BROTHERS, WITH NONE TO TURN TO FOR AFFECTION BUT EACH OTHER.

WE GAVE EACH OTHER PRESENTS...

FOR A MOMENT OUR HEARTS TOUCHED.

THE NEXT DAY YOU WENT AND REPORTED US!

I HAD TO! WE BREACHED REGS!

YOU LOST YOUR SOUL—TURNED YOUR BACK ON THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS! WE WENT OUR DIFFERENT WAYS...

I...I CHOSE TO JOIN THE HUMAN RACE. AND I PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE FOR IT. AND YOU, JOE--

JUST AS MARLEY WEARS HIS CHAINS, SO ALSO DO **YOU**! YOU HAVE FASHIONED THEM YOURSELF! AND EVERY MEAN AND PETTY ACT HAS ADDED BUT ANOTHER LINK!

MARLEY—!

GET OUT OF MY HEAD, RICO! I DON'T NEED LESSONS FROM A LAWBREAKER'S GHOST!

CONTROL! MARLEY NOW FLEEING EAST ON CRATCHIT!

THINK I GOT A TOUCH OF **CONCUSSION**! MED WAGON REQUIRED!

DAMN! EYES FOGGING UP! CAN'T RISK A SHOT!

LOOK AROUND YOU, JOE!

THIS IS THE REALITY OF CHRISTMAS! A REALITY **YOU** HAVE HELPED TO CREATE!

POVERTY—HOPELESSNESS—MISERY! FEAR! SEE HOW THEY SHRINK BACK FROM YOU!

AND YET OVER ALL THIS HUMAN DEPRIVATION THE **SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS** CAN STILL TRIUMPH—CAN STILL SPARK A FLAME IN A POOR MAN'S HEART!

M-MERRY CHRISTMAS, JUDGE! GRUD BLESS YOU, SIR!

KEEP YOUR BLESSINGS, CREEP!

PUT OUT THAT FIRE! NO STREET FIRES!

YES! IF YOU HAD YOUR WAY EVERY "IDIOT" WHO GOES ABOUT WITH **MERRY CHRISTMAS** ON HIS LIPS WOULD BE BOILED WITH HIS OWN PUDDING AND BURIED WITH A STAKE OF HOLLY THROUGH HIS HEART!

NOT TRUE! HOLLY'S... HARD TO COME BY THESE DAYS...!

YET IT COULD ALL BE SO DIFFERENT, JOE!

YOU COULD BE A **FRIEND** OF THE PEOPLE, NOT THEIR ENEMY! WELCOME AT ANY TABLE --

I GIVE YOU DREDD, THE FOUNDER OF OUR HAPPINESS!

LONG LIFE TO YOU, DEAR JUDGE! A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

I THANK YOU, CITIZENS! YOUR GOOD WISHES CHEER ME BEYOND MEASURE!

IF ONLY I HAD LEARNED LONG AGO TO LOOK FOR THE GOODNESS IN YOUR HEARTS, AND NOT THE BAD! THANKFULLY, IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO UNDO ALL THE HARM I HAVE DONE --

ENOUGH! THIS IS MADNESS! MADNESS!

MARLEY --!

THERE HE IS! GOT A CLEAR SHOT NOW!

CAN'T TRUST MY EYES -- HEATSEEKER!

AHHHHH!

POOR GUY! WHAT'S HE DONE?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING IN THIS CITY!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, BUB!

CONTROL! HURRY UP WITH THAT MED-WAGON! THINK THIS ONE'S MORE THAN SIMPLE CONCUSSION --

CONTROL!

THROAT MIKE'S GONE -- BEEN TALKIN' INTO THIN AIR...

JOE!

STOP HAUNTING ME, RICO...!

I HAVE JUST ONE MORE THING TO SHOW YOU. THE **FUTURE**, JOE...

I...I THINK HE'S DEAD!

HOORAY! I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER DIE!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A KICK AT THE SCUMBAG!

DAMN YOUR BONES, DREDD!

GRAB A SOUVENIR!

HOORAY! OLD STONEY FACE HAS GOT HIS OWN AT LAST!

IT'LL BE A CHEAP FUNERAL, THAT'S FOR SURE! THERE'LL BE NO WELLWISHERS AT RESYK FOR THAT RAT!

I'LL GO – AS LONG AS THEY PROVIDE A DECENT MEAL!

IS THIS HOW YOU WANT TO DIE? MOURNED BY NO ONE? YOUR ONLY LEGACY THE FEAR AND HATRED YOU LEAVE BEHIND? WILL THE ONLY WAY YOU GLADDEN PEOPLE'S HEARTS BE BY YOUR **PASSING**?

REPENT NOW! CHANGE YOUR WAYS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

FOR THE LAST TIME GET OUTTA MY BRAIN, RICO!

HE-HE'S STILL KICKIN'!

YOU'RE... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MARLEY!

I ONLY WANT TO SEE MY WIFE AND KIDDIES!

LET HIM GO, DREDD!

YEAH! IT'S CHRISTMAS! GIVE THE GUY A BREAK! SHOW SOME FREAKIN' GOODWILL!

I AIN'T LETTIN' YOU TAKE ME IN!

AAAAH!

THINK HE'S DEAD THIS TIME?

LET'S MAKE SURE OF IT!

LOUSY JUDGE!

POOR GUY ONLY WANTED TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH HIS KIDS!

POOR GUY **ATE** HIS WIFE AND KIDS — THAT'S WHY HE WAS IN THE PSYCHO CUBES!

THROAT... THROAT MIKE WAS BROKEN. HOW DID YOU KNOW?

SOMEONE CALLED IN — SAID THERE WAS A JUDGE IN TROUBLE. GUESS THERE'S STILL SOME GOODWILL LEFT IN THIS WORLD.

NOT FROM THIS QUARTER! GOODWILL DOESN'T KEEP THE STREETS CLEAN! ROUND 'EM UP — THROW THE BOOK AT THEM! AIDING AND ABETTING — ASSAULT — LARCENY!

WHICH ONES?

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW — I STILL CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT! TAKE 'EM ALL IN FOR INTERROGATION! THEY CAN SPEND THEIR CHRISTMAS IN A NICE WARM CUBE! A LITTLE GIFT FROM ME!

NOW GET ME TO MED-BAY! I GOT ONE **HELLUVA** HEADACHE!

And a Merry Christmas to all our readers!

ALLEY BAR

C'MON, YA USELESS KUNKA MECHANICAL GARBAGE...!

CHEAPJACK MECHA-TOOLS! WAIT'LL I SEE THE AUTOMART DUDES ABOUT THIS! I'LL SCREW THEIR--

KLUNG!

HUH? WHOZZAT?

JOEY--PETE? THAT YOU...?

HOLY GHOST ON TOAST!

SATAN'S CHOIRBOY

YO, COSMO!

ALLEY

HUH? I-I KNOW THAT VOICE--!

'COURSE YOU DO. NOW--WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

I DUNNO, MAN! I DONNO!

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN JOG YOUR MEMORY, COSMO...

SIZ-K!

H-HECK, MAN--AIN'T NO NEED FOR THAT! THEY'RE DOWN AT G-GREASER'S CORNER--!

THANKS, MAN!

NOOOO--!

AAA

CONTROL TO ALL UNITS VICINITY BLACK AND DECKER! THIS IS A **RED ALERT!**

--AAAAHHHH!

SOKITOMI WEAPONS RESEARCH REPORTS WAR-BIKE ON THE RAMPAGE! I REPEAT--

ROGUE WAR-BIKE!

DROKK!

KRUNK!

CONTROL? DREDD. ALLEY BABA. YOUR WAR-BIKE'S NOW HEADIN' EAST FOR THE MAIN SKED!

AM IN PURSUIT!

BE CAREFUL, DREDD! THAT'S ONE OF THEIR LATEST **BIO-CONTROL** MODELS.

STATE OF THE ART **CERAMIC ENGINE** – 2000 BHP – ADVANCED **STEALTH** AVOIDANCE TECHNOLOGY – AN' LAST BUT NOT LEAST --

IT'S EQUIPPED TO FIGHT A DROKKIN' **WAR!**

SO -- WHAT WE GONNA DO, **JOEY?** RUMBLE WITH SOME OF THESE OTHER GEEKS?

AAAH, I'M SICKA RUMBLIN'! I AIN'T RECOVERED FROM THE **LAST ONE** YET!

I VOTE WE GO ***MUG*** SOME INNOCENT CITS! WHADDYA SAY, JOEY?

OKAY BY ME. BUT WE WAIT FOR COSMO.

MUST BE HIM NOW!

FUNNY...DON'T RECOGNISE THE BIKE--

YO, GUYS! WAITIN' FOR COSMO, HUH?

J-JEEZUS H. ARBUCKLE! YOU!

HOG! BUT--IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE--

DEAD? NOT ALL OF ME, JOEY. THEY LEFT ENOUGH.

SNIKK!

'FACT, THEY EVEN GAVE ME A WHOLE LOTTA NEW STUFF!

CHING!

WHRRR!

OKAY--LET'S TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS!

KCHOW!

VSSSHHHH!

PLEASE, MAN--

AIEEEE!

JUST YOU 'N' ME NOW, JOEY. THE WAY IT USED TO BE -- HUH, BROTHER?

L-LISSEN, HOG -- I CAN EXPLAIN!

AFTER THE CRASH, WE THOUGHT YOU WAS GOOD AS DEAD!

SO YOU SOLD MY REMAINS TO SOKITOMI?

THEY WAS LOOKIN' FOR BRAIN TISSUE, MAN. AN' WE NEEDED THE CASH!

I WASN'T DEAD, JOEY. I LET 'EM INSTALL ME IN THIS BIO-BIKE -- AND THEN I BROKE OUT. TO FIND YOU, JOEY --

P-PLEASE, BROTHER!

AND PAY YA BACK!

DROKK! CARNAGE!

NO MORE!

TOO BAD! THE RIDER'S A DUMMY -- MY BRAIN'S IN THE BIKE!

HUH?

SO LONG... BROTHER!

AAAAA

FAMILY REUNION'S OVER, CREEP!

BIKE CANNON!

KAROOM!

SCREEECH!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

WHAT THE HELL--?

DAMN!

VRRRR

SPAANG!

PTOOOF!

CAN'T LET THIS GO ON! SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET HURT--!

NO--!

SKIDDD

KRAAANCHH!

CONTROL? SEND UNITS TO SOKITOMI. EVERYBODY ON THE ILLEGAL BIO-WEAPON PROGRAM IS UNDER ARREST!

AS FOR THEIR WAR-BIKE -- IT'S FOUGHT ITS LAST BATTLE!

YOU'RE CHOPPED HOG NOW, PAL--

GUESS YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE BRAINS FOR ANYTHING ELSE!

THE END

YOU! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG!
I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT. OPEN THE PACKAGES.
I'M LATE FOR THE PARTY ALREADY-- I DON'T HAVE TIME--!
MAKE TIME!
Y-Y-YESSIR!
SATISFIED? THEY'RE GIFTS FOR MY TWINS' BIRTHDAYS!
CHOSEN WITH LOVE-- NOT THAT YOU'D KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT!
BOTS
CHUCKS

ALL RIGHT-- ON YOUR WAY.
AND LESS OF THE LIP-- OR YOU'LL SPEND THEIR NEXT BIRTHDAY IN A CUBE!

BRRIIIINGG...

GEM

WHAT THE DROKK--?

TEASA

REGINA? CHOOKIE. SORRY, I'LL BE LATE FOR THE PARTY...

HALT OR DIE!

HELL--IT'S DREDD!

BLOW HIM AWAY!

TEASA

YES, I GOT THE PRESENTS. CHUCK AND ANNY'LL GO **CRAZY** FOR 'EM...!

YOUR CHOICE, CREEPS!

BDAM! BDAM!

OKAY. SEE YOU SOON.

TEASA

SAY "HI" TO THE TWINS FROM ME.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

I AIN'T DYIN' ALONE-- **AAAAGHH!**

BHUDDA! BHUDDA! BHUDDA!

REMEMBER I LOVE YOU--

ONE CALL DOES IT AL

LOVE YOU TOO, CHOOKIE. HURRY HOME NOW!

DEAD!

INNOCENT BYSTANDER. SHOULD'VE SCRAMMED WHEN I TOLD HIM!

GUESS WE'LL TAKE HIM TO RESYK WITH THE OTHERS. HE HAVE ANY FAMILY?

YEAH. I'LL SEE THEY'RE INFORMED.

RESYK

NO! STOP! I'M NOT DEAD! I JUST CAN'T MOVE!

RESYK- no one else seems to be coming up with positive solutions

SHFF!

IN YOU GO, FRIEND!

CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? I'M ALIVE! I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY FAMILY!

RESYK

CAN'T ANYONE HEAR ME? I'M STILL ALIVE!

FOUR MORE FOR THE BELT! DOCUMENTATION ALL ATTENDED TO.

THEY'RE...THEY'RE GOING TO RECYCLE MY BODY! BUT... WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ME?

REGINA! CHUCK--ANNY! I LOVE YOU ALL...

I LOVE YOU!

SUPERSTORE

VERY LATEST IN PIRATE-PROOF SOFTWARE. USING MATERIALS MADE FROM A COMPLETELY **NEW BIODEGRADABLE** SOURCE

YESSIR, WE'VE FITTED 'EM INTO **EVERYTHING** FROM **HOLO-GAMES** TO **CHAINSAWS**. WORKS A TREAT!

I DON'T **WANNA** GO SHOPPING, MOM!

HUSH, **CHUCK**. IT'S A WEEK NOW SINCE DADDY DI-- WENT TO HEAVEN. WE HAVE TO START TRYING TO GET BACK TO [CHOKE] **NORMAL**.

BUY/BUY/BUY

COME ON-- I'LL GET YOU A CARTOON-SLUG...

IT'LL HELP TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THINGS

REGINA? CHUCK--ANNY?

IT'S **ME**-- **CHOOKIE**! I'M **HERE**--IN THE **CAMERA**!

STINKIN' JUDGES ARE HOT ON OUR TAIL, **MAKO**!

MUTANTS--!

CRAFT SHO

TOYS HO

WE ONLY BEEN IN THE CITY A HALF-HOUR! WE AIN'T GETTIN' DEPORTED BACK T' THE CURSED EARTH WITHOUT A FIGHT!

IN HERE!

BUTT OUT, NORMO!

KICK

P-PLEASE-- DON'T HURT US...!

SMASH!

THESE THREE'LL DO! THEY'RE OUR TICKET TO SAFETY!

VID

MAKO

BACK OFF, LAWDOG --

OR THEY'RE COLD MEAT!

MAKO

NO! I CAN'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO THEM!

DREDD TO CONTROL! MUTANT GANG HOLED UP IN M-PORIUM AT LOVECRAFT! HOSTAGES TAKEN. GET UNITS TO THE BACK EXIT!

DREDD

WHAT THE HELL--?

I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING--

VZZZK!

CHAINSAW

ZZZSK!

DO SOMETHING--

KZAAK!

DROKK!

G-ZZZT! GET... GET...

GET AWAY FROM MY FAMILYYY!

WHRRRR!

SNIPP-SNIP!

K-KEEP BACK—!

I—I'M WARNIN' YA! ONE MORE FOOT AN' SHE'S—

LEAVE THEM ALOOOONE!

ZEEEEEEE

SLIIISHK.

WHRRR!

BLAM!

ZIP IT, CREEP!

AS FOR YOU--

NO--JUDGE DREDD, DON'T!

I--I THINK THAT'S MY HUSBAND...!

CHOOKIE...?

I JUST WANT TO SAAY...

I LOVE YOUUUUUU!

WE'VE TRIPLE-CHECKED, DREDD. NO TRACE OF HIM.

HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN **DEAD** WHEN HE WENT THROUGH **RESYK**. HIS **CONSCIOUSNESS** MUST HAVE BEEN **TRAPPED** IN THE CAMERA'S **BIO-INTERFACE CHIP.**

SOMEHOW, IN HIS DESPERATION, HE MANAGED TO EXTEND HIS CONTROL TO **ALL** OF THAT STUFF.

YEAH. WELL HE'S JUST SO MUCH **JUNK** NOW!

THE POWER OF **LOVE**...A REMARKABLE THING, EH?

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

DON'T ASK ME.

JOHN H. KLINTON X92

THE END

THE BLIND MAN CLUTCHES ME.

HE STEPS UP ON THE PARAPET. I STRUGGLE BUT HE'S TOO STRONG.

THEN WE'RE FALLING.

I LOOK INTO HIS FACE AND HE SMILES.

AND HE SAYS: "HOWDY! DIMKIN'S THE NAME!"

THEN WE'RE SLAB JAM.

PAVEMENT PIZZA.

SECTOR HOUSE 4

ONLY IT'S NOT ME.

AND I KNOW SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY SOMEONE HAS DIED.

YOU GOT A PROBLEM, CITIZEN?

PLEASE... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME...!

CONTROL, WE GOT A RECENT REPORT OF A LEAPER. THIS SECTOR? BLIND MAN, NAME OF DIMKIN OR DINKIN...?

CHECK.

DIMKIN, DORIAN DONALD, REGISTERED PARTIALLY SIGHTED. WENT BERSERK AND TOOK A WALK OFF SEPTOR HEIGHTS ALONG WITH AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER. MADE QUITE A MESS.

YOU INTEREST ME, CITIZEN.

IT STARTED AFTER THE ACCIDENT...

A SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT WITH A TRUCK. MY FAULT. WASN'T WATCHING. BY RIGHTS I SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD...

ANYWAY, THE VISIONS STARTED ABOUT A WEEK AFTER I CAME OUT OF THE COMA. THEY TOLD ME THAT IT WAS A TRAUMA REACTION, THAT THEY'D GO AWAY IN TIME.

BUT THEY DIDN'T. THEY GOT MORE FREQUENT. ALWAYS **ME**, **DYING** IN SOME HORRIBLE WAY...

THEN I NOTICED SOMETHING STRANGE...THE INCIDENTS WERE **HAPPENING**, JUST LIKE I SAW THEM IN THE VISIONS.

I'D SEE THEM ON THE NEWS, DETAIL FOR DETAIL--THE TEXAS CITY ZOOM CRASH--THE SHANTY TOWN MURDERS--THE WEST SECTOR CHEM BLAST...THE ONLY DIFFERENCE WAS, I WASN'T INVOLVED--IT ALWAYS HAPPENED TO OTHER PEOPLE.

AND THEN I NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE STRANGE...

THE THINGS I SAW--THE INCIDENTS--THEY WERE GETTING CLOSER EACH TIME. CLOSER AND CLOSER, AS IF **DEATH** WAS **LOOKING** FOR ME, **STALKING** ME.

THAT'S WHY IT'S ALWAYS **ME** I SEE. DEATH **WANTS** ME. I SHOULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE. HE'S COMING FOR ME, GETTING CLOSER ALL THE TIME.

AN INTERESTING THEORY.

HE GOT THE LEAPER RIGHT. HE COULDN'T HAVE WITNESSED THAT AND STILL BEEN HERE WHEN I FOUND HIM.

COULD BE THE DAMAGE HE SUSTAINED IN THE ACCIDENT AWAKENED SOME SORT OF PSIONIC ABILITY.

GET **PSI-DIVISION** TO CHECK HIM OUT. PROPERLY DIRECTED, HE COULD BE USEFUL TO US.

I'M RUNNING.

FOOTSTEPS POUNDING AFTER ME. I STUMBLE--I FALL.

HE'S STANDING OVER ME. HE'S GOT A KNIFE.

HIS FACE IS PAINTED WHITE.

THE MOUTH A BLOODY SLASH.

AS I WATCH IT, IT SPLITS INTO A LEER.

YOU'RE DEAD, SCUM!

SOUNDS LIKE DEATHMASK...

IF IT'S TRUE IT'LL BE HIS TWELFTH. WE'VE BEEN AFTER THE CREEP FOR MONTHS.

YOUR VISION--WHERE DID IT HAPPEN? TRY TO PINPOINT IT!

IT WAS CLOSE...

THERE WAS A SCRAWL-- ON A WALL... DOMINGO... DOMINGO REEF-- SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

DOMINGA RIFA! GANG SCRAWL--

CONTROL! ALERT ALL UNITS, VICINITY **PLACIDO DOMINGO** BLOCK. POSSIBLE **DEATHMASK** SLAYING!

I'M ON MY WAY!

CONTROL! TOWNER, AT DOMINGO—

FOUND YOUR VICTIM. LOOKS LIKE DEATHMASK'S WORK, ALL RIGHT.

PRETTY FRESH, TOO. HE CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR.

WEEEAAAOOOOOEEEAAA

AAAOOOOEEEAAA

OOOWEEEAAAOOOOOEEEEE

CONTROL! DEATHMASK SIGHTED! BLUE CREMOLA, NOW TURNING INTO SKEDDERSON!

I'M ON HIM!

HEADING HIM OFF!

HE'S TURNING INTO KIDNER! HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE IT--

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, DEATHMASK.

AS THIS IS USUALLY THE POINT WHERE YOU KOOKS START GIVING ME YOUR WHOLE CRACKED PHILOSOPHY ON HOW YOU'RE REALLY THE **GOOD GUY** IN ALL THIS, LET ME CAUTION YOU RIGHT FROM THE START--

SAVE IT FOR THE SHRINKS-- I AIN'T INTERESTED.

YOU'RE DEAD, SCUM!

Xucsus

FULL MARKS FOR BREVITY, ANYWAY.

SIDDOWN!

TAKE HIM IN.

HIS FACE IS PAINTED WHITE, DEATHLY WHITE.

WE'RE TAKING YOU TO PSI-DIVISION NOW, GUB. THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO HELP YOU THERE.

USTICE DEPT.

HIS MOUTH A BLOODY SMEAR—

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

HE'S HAVING ANOTHER ONE.

A VOICE SAYS: "WE STRUCK GOLD WITH YOU, CITIZEN!"

BUT ALL I SEE IS THAT AWFUL FACE.

YOUR INFORMATION WAS CORRECT--WE STRUCK GOLD WITH YOU, CITIZEN!

INFORMER!

STOP HIM!

DEATH HAS FOUND ME AT LAST.

YOU'RE DEAD, SCUM!

XUGASUS

HE'S... DEAD.

OOPS.

NICE ONE.

SO VISION AND REALITY FINALLY CAME TOGETHER... DEATH CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.

I SUPPOSE AN ABILITY LIKE HIS WAS ALWAYS BOUND TO BE A FINITE ASSET. STILL, PITY HE DIDN'T LAST A LITTLE LONGER...

COULD'VE BEEN USEFUL...

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

THE END

THE ROBO-JUDGES ARE GONE!

NETWORK NEWS at 21.01

YES! THAT'S THE SHOCK NEWS FROM JUSTICE DEPARTMENT! AS OF 20·00 HOURS THIS PEE-EM THE TEN NEW ROBOT JUDGE UNITS — WHICH ENTERED SERVICE ONLY THIS MORNING — HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN FROM DUTY!

THIS DECISION FOLLOWS A NUMBER OF INCIDENTS IN WHICH THE ROBOTS APPARENTLY EXCEEDED THEIR POWERS, CAUSING DISTRESS, INJURY — AND IN SEVERAL CASES, DEATH!

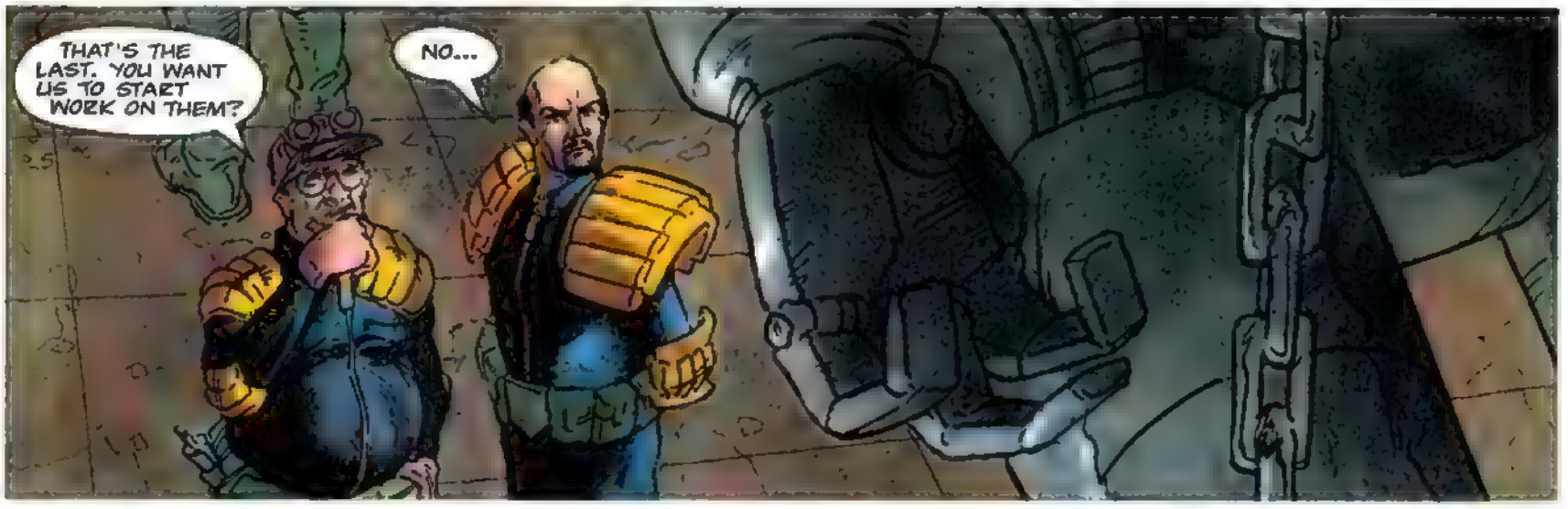
JUDGE DESMON STICH, HEAD OF THE MECHANISMO PROGRAMME, WAS TONIGHT UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMENT. CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER IS EXPECTED TO MAKE A STATEMENT LATER!

THE QUESTION WE WILL ASK IS: TRIAL BY MACHINE — WAS IT ALL A GHASTLY MISTAKE?

LOOK, THERE'S THAT ROBO-JUDGE AGAIN!
KAPOW! KAPOW! GOTCHA THIS TIME, TINHEAD!
BUBBY, DON'T!

AH, DON'T WORRY! IT CAN'T DO NOTHIN'!

YOU CAN'T BE SURE, BUBBY.
YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE...


THAT'S THE LAST. YOU WANT US TO START WORK ON THEM?
NO...

NO, BETTER LEAVE IT FOR NOW.

VEEHT!

GOOD LUCK WITH THE CHIEF JUDGE.

HE'S GOING TO NEED IT.

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, JOE, WE HAD *60 MILLION* DEATHS IN NECROPOLIS—YOU THINK THIS CITY'S GOING TO MISS A FEW MORE?

AND THAT'S GOING TO BE YOUR LINE TO THE PEOPLE, IS IT?

GIVE US *SOME* CREDIT.

"VERY REGRETTABLE—A FEW ISOLATED INCIDENTS—ROBOTS WITHDRAWN FROM SERVICE, GENEROUS COMPENSATION PAID"... YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

IT COMES TO THE SAME THING.

AND WHEN THE HEAT'S DIED DOWN YOU'LL STICK THE ROBOTS RIGHT BACK OUT THERE ON THE STREETS AGAIN!

REPAIRED, OF COURSE.

I DON'T *BELIEVE* THIS!

THE FAULT'S QUITE SIMPLE TO CORRECT.

IF IT'S THAT SIMPLE WHY DIDN'T YOU DO IT *BEFORE* YOUR ROBOTS KILLED SIX PEOPLE?

THINGS WENT WRONG. THAT'S TOO BAD. BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE LOGICAL. THERE IS NO REASON AT ALL WHY A ROBOT CAN'T DO THE JOB AS WELL AS ANY OF US.

YEAH? YOU THINK A ROBOT CAN *EVER* UNDERSTAND THE COMMON MAN?

GIVE ME A BREAK!

YOU— UNDERSTAND THE *COMMON MAN*?

THE PLAIN FACT IS, JOE, WE'RE IN NO POSITION TO DEBATE THE MATTER. WE'RE BADLY UNDER STRENGTH. WE *NEED* THOSE UNITS ON THE STREET.

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE.

Vzzttt

THAT ONE THERE KILLED FIVE...

GUNNED 'EM RIGHT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD. SEE—YOU CAN SEE THE BLOODSPLASHES ON THE SHELL THERE.

YOU GOT SOME PAIR OF EYES FOR A GUY YOUR AGE, GIL.

THAT ONE THERE, NOW—*DREDD* GOT HIM.

Vzzttt

HE HIT IT FULL POWER WITH BOTH LASER CANNONS AND IT STILL DIDN'T STOP IT. TOOK ANOTHER BLAST TO FINISH THE JOB. YESSIR.

THEY MUST BE REAL TOUGH.

THEY'RE IMPRESSIVE MACHINES, NEIL, THAT'S FOR SURE.

WHAT DO YOU RECKON THEY'LL DO WITH THEM?

Yzzrrrr

SCRAP 'EM. THAT'S ALL THEY CAN DO.

CAN'T EVER TRUST 'EM TO GO OUT JUDGING AGAIN.

C'MON. LET'S YOU AN' ME GO GRAB THAT GAME OF CHIGGERS.

GO EASY ON ME TONIGHT, GIL.

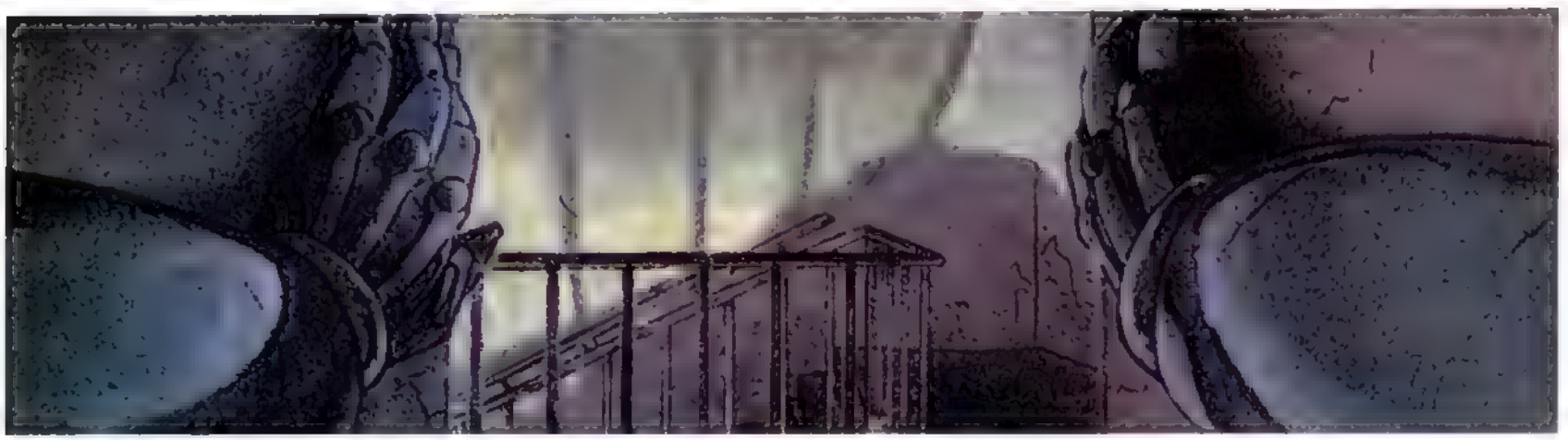
GOTTA PLAY TO WIN. THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, NEIL. YOU'RE TOO NICE. YOU LACK THE KILLER INSTINCT.

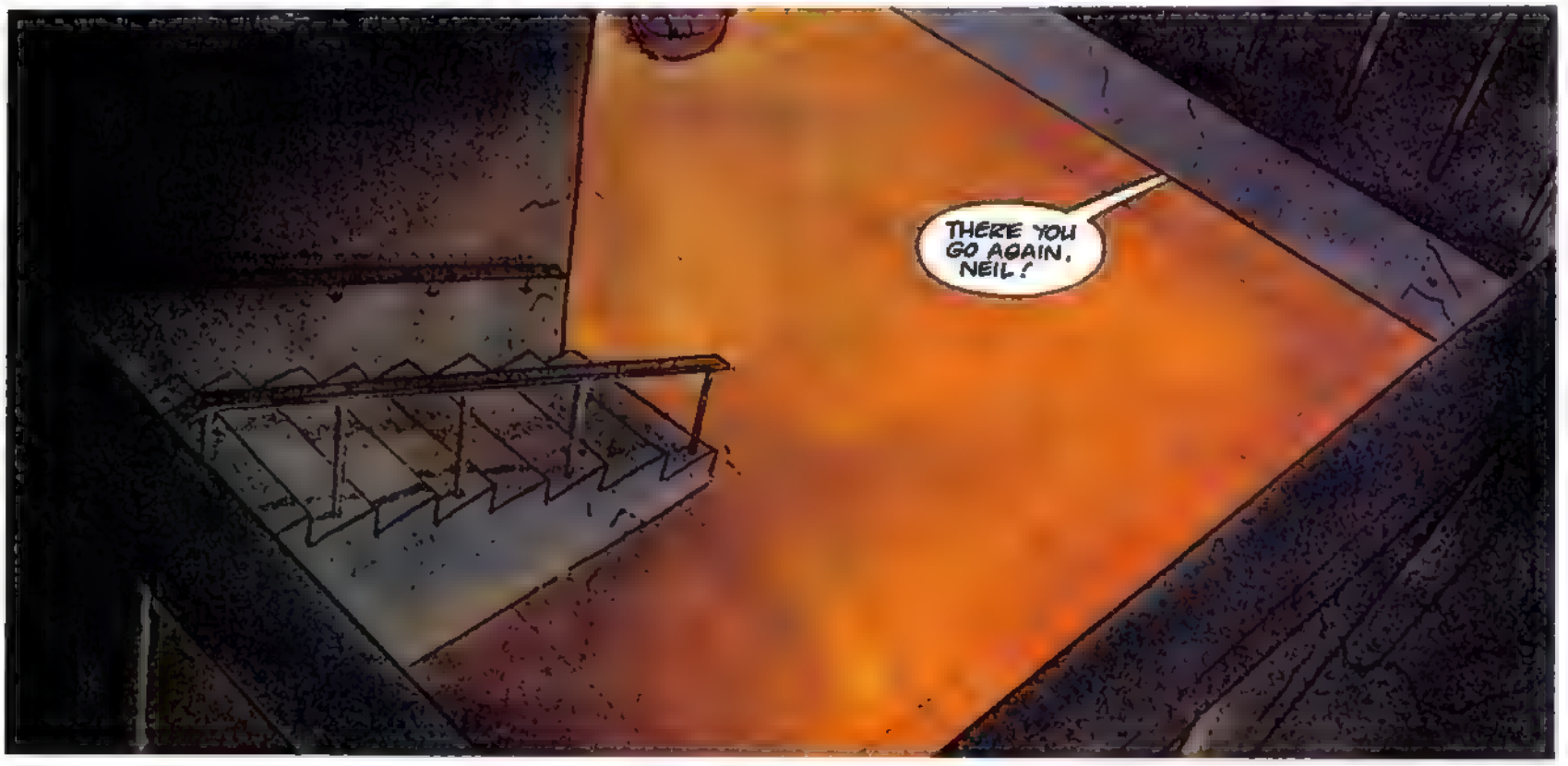
NOT LIKE THEM BABIES IN THERE, HUH? BOY, SOME NIGHTWATCH DROIDS THEY'D MAKE.

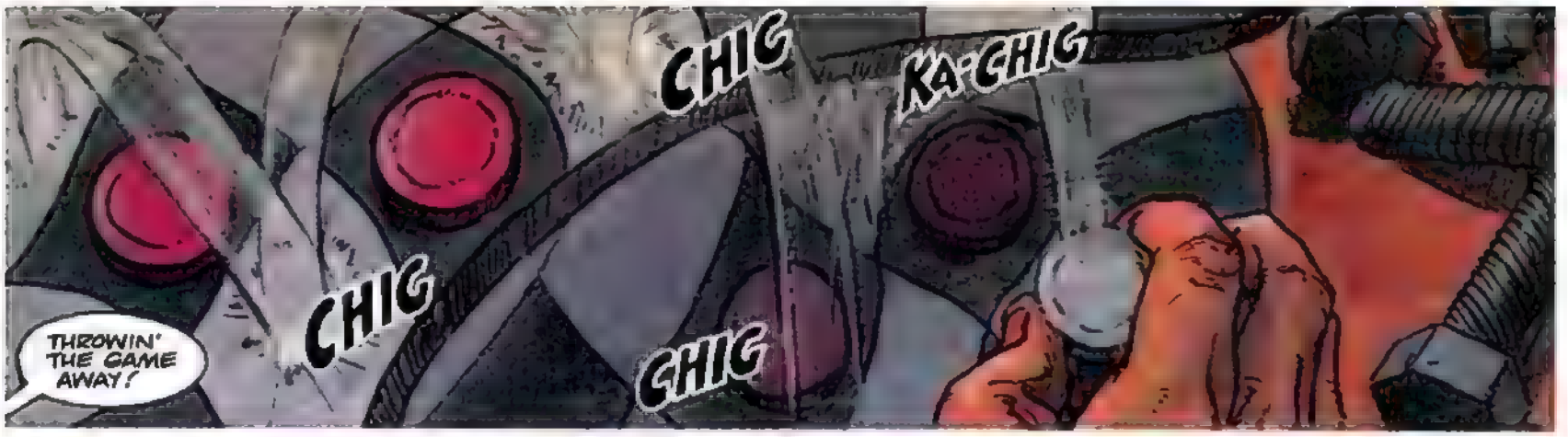
PLAY CHIGGERS WITH THEM, BOY. THEY'D BLOW YOUR BONES AWAY!

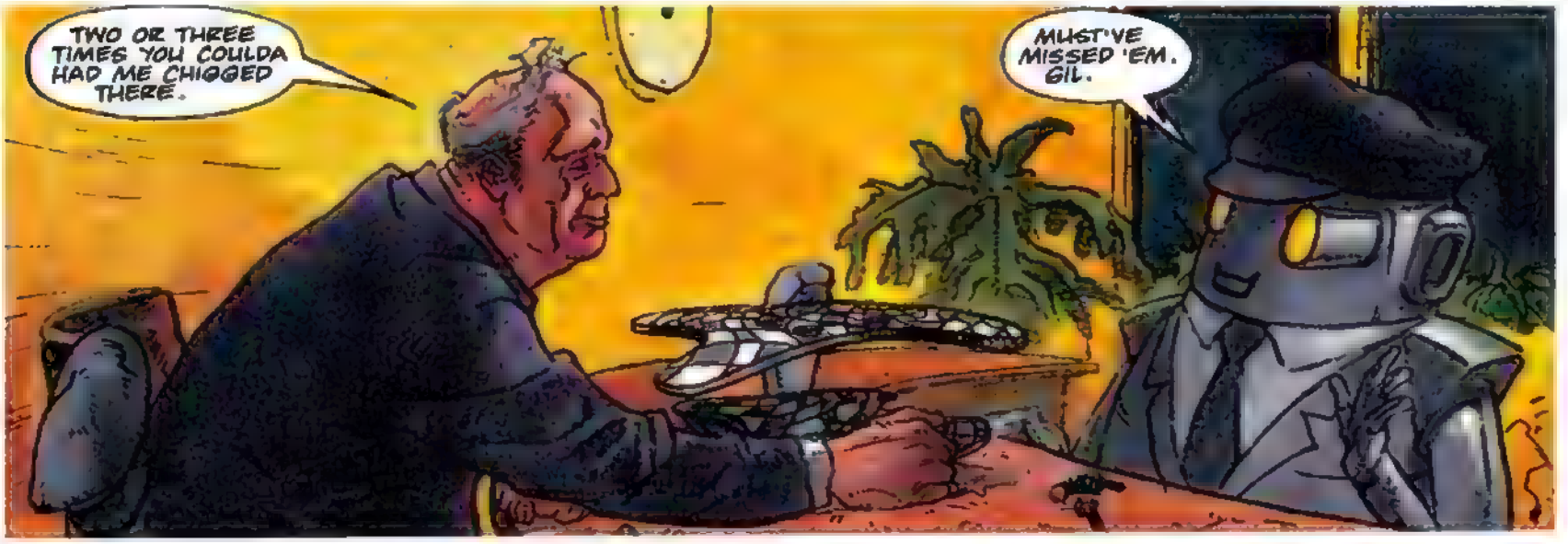
Vzzt!!
YOU GOING TO BE LONG, SIR? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO LOCK UP.
FIVE MINUTES.
zz-ht!

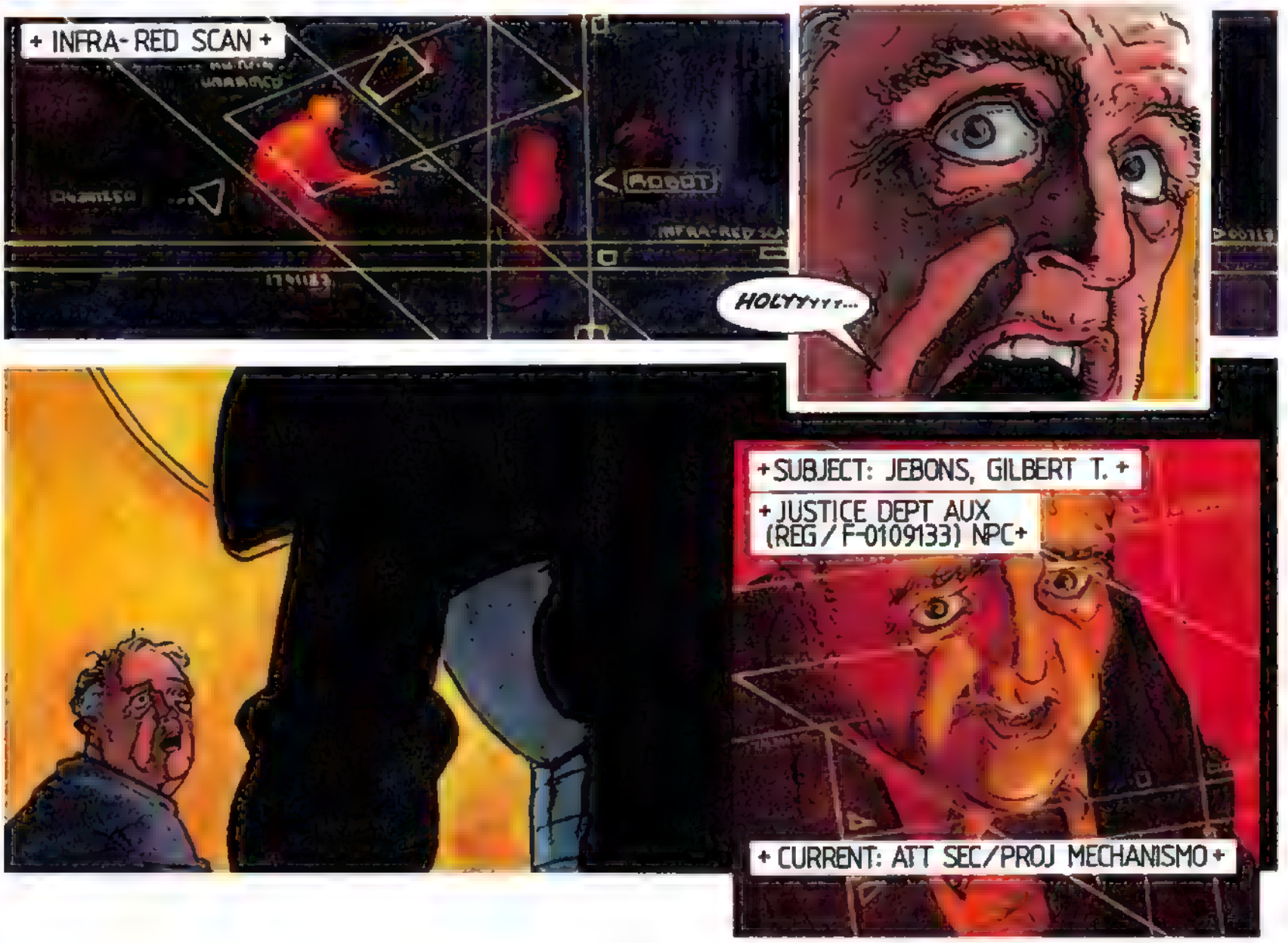
++POWER ON++
++ALL SYSTEMS OPERATIVE++
Yzzzrttt




THERE YOU GO AGAIN, NEIL!


CHIG
KA-CHIG
CHIG
CHIG
THROWIN' THE GAME AWAY!


TWO OR THREE TIMES YOU COULDA HAD ME CHIGGED THERE.
MUST'VE MISSED 'EM. GIL.


+ INFRA-RED SCAN +
ROBOT
HOLYYYYY...
+SUBJECT: JEBONS, GILBERT T. +
+JUSTICE DEPT AUX (REG/F-0109133) NPC+
+ CURRENT: ATT SEC/PROJ MECHANISMO +

H-HEY, NOW LOOK, PAL... UH, JUDGE... Y-YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

I MEAN, YOU'RE SHUT DOWN, OKAY?

GAMBLING IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE, JEBONS!

WHAT—?

OH, THAT! THAT'S NOTHIN'! IT'S JUST FOR BOLTS—THAT AIN'T A CRIME!

IT STILL THINKS IT'S JUDGIN'!

WHAT THE HELL—?

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, WATCHMAN?

IT WASN'T ME! I SWEAR IT! IT-IT JUST TURNED UP!

NUMBER 5! I AM ORDERING YOU—RETURN TO MAINTENANCE BAY AND SHUT DOWN!

+ REPLAY + REPLAY + REPLAY +

SCRAP 'EM. THAT'S ALL THEY CAN DO.

CAN'T EVER TRUST 'EM TO GO OUT JUDGING AGAIN.

+ ORDER INVALID +
++ REJECT ++

I'LL INTERFERE ALL RIGHT—!

I AM A JUDGE. I MUST DO MY DUTY.

WARNING! INTERFERING WITH A JUDGE IN THE EXECUTION OF ITS DUTY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

YOU KILLED A JUDGE! THAT WAS WRONG, NUMBER 5!

oh geez, oh geez—!

I DON'T NEED A ROBOT TO TELL ME HOW TO DO MY JOB!

CALL ME NEIL

SKIDD

Fzzkxxx

GRUNCH

NEIL!

AND AS FOR YOU—

P-P-PLEASE, JUDGE, DON'T KILL ME! I-I-I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' WRONG!

TAP TAP

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

THANK GRUD! THANK GRUD!

EXIT

JUST ONE THING—

I CALCULATE A 99.99430 PROBABILITY YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY REPORT THESE OCCURRENCES TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

SUCH ACTION IS LIABLE TO IMPEDE ME IN THE EXECUTION OF MY DUTIES.

CLICK

STUN

I REGRET I MUST TAKE MEASURES TO PREVENT YOU.

NO! DEAR GRUD NO! I AIN'T GONNA TELL NOBODY—!

++ LIE ++

++ LIE ++

++ LIE ++

CLICK

STANDARD EXECUTION

BAD MISTAKE, JEBONS.

AAAAHHH!
LYING TO A JUDGE IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE!

uuuuhhhh
NO...
C...CONTROL...!
THIS IS MUNSCH, MECH... MECHANISMO BASE...
YOU CREEPS!

EMERGENCY! CODE... CODE 99 RED...!
NUMBER 5 IS ALIVE!

CONTROL! YOU GOT TWO FOR THE MEAT WAGON. ONE ON HOLD—PORT 9 VEHICLE PARK.

Unn nnnhhh

WAIT HERE, CREEP!

UNNNHH!

YOU WILL BE CALLED FOR.

CLASS TWO AUTO VIOLATION— SENTENCE TWO YEARS. MED WAGON REQUIRED.

NUMBER 5'S REPORTING IN!

UH... THAT'S A ROJ, NUMBER 5.

PLEASE STATE EXACT LOCATION.

NOW LEAVING MAIN VEHICLE PARK, HEADING EAST ON FREEMONT.

NO PARKING
WE GOT A NUMBER OF PARKING VIOLATIONS HERE, CONTROL. TAKING EXEMPLARY ACTION.
FIRE TEAM REQUIRED.
KEEP IT TALKING!
ALL UNIT ALERT!
MECHANISMO UNIT NUMBER 5 HAS REACTIVATED! GO TO FREEMONT SKED. SECTOR 12!

++JAYWALK++JAYWALK++JAYWALK++

BAKOW

BAKOW

TRY JAYWALKING WITH NO *KNEECAPS*, CITIZEN!

CONTROL, YOU GOT ONE FOR THE MED WAGON, EAST FREEMONT. JAYWALK, TWELVE MONTHS. SUSPENDED.

RECKON THE CREEP'S LEARNED HIS LESSON.

GOOD WORK, NUMBER 5. WAIT THERE. BACK UP ON ITS WAY.

NO BACK UP REQUIRED, CONTROL.

C'MON! C'MON!

HOLY CREMOLA—!

+ ID SCAN NEGATIVE +

+ SUBJECTS UNKNOWN +

+ POSSIBLE NON-HUME/MUTANT +

SCAN!

++DANGER TO LIFE + PRIORITISE++

++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++

AAAHHH!

D-DON'T SHOOT! I'M UNARMED—!

SILENCE!

+ AURAL RECEPTORS TRACKING +

+ AMPLIFY + AMPLIFY +

VVVVVRRMM

BURNAW! I'M ON FREEMONT!

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH IT, BURNAW! SHOOT ON SIGHT! THE ROBOT MUST BE DESTROYED!

SHOOT ON SIGHT! THE ROBOT MUST BE DESTROYED!

++NEGATIVE++NEGATIVE+

+NEGATIVE++

I SEE IT!

INTERFERING WITH A JUDGE IN THE EXECUTION OF ITS DUTY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE—

—CREEP!

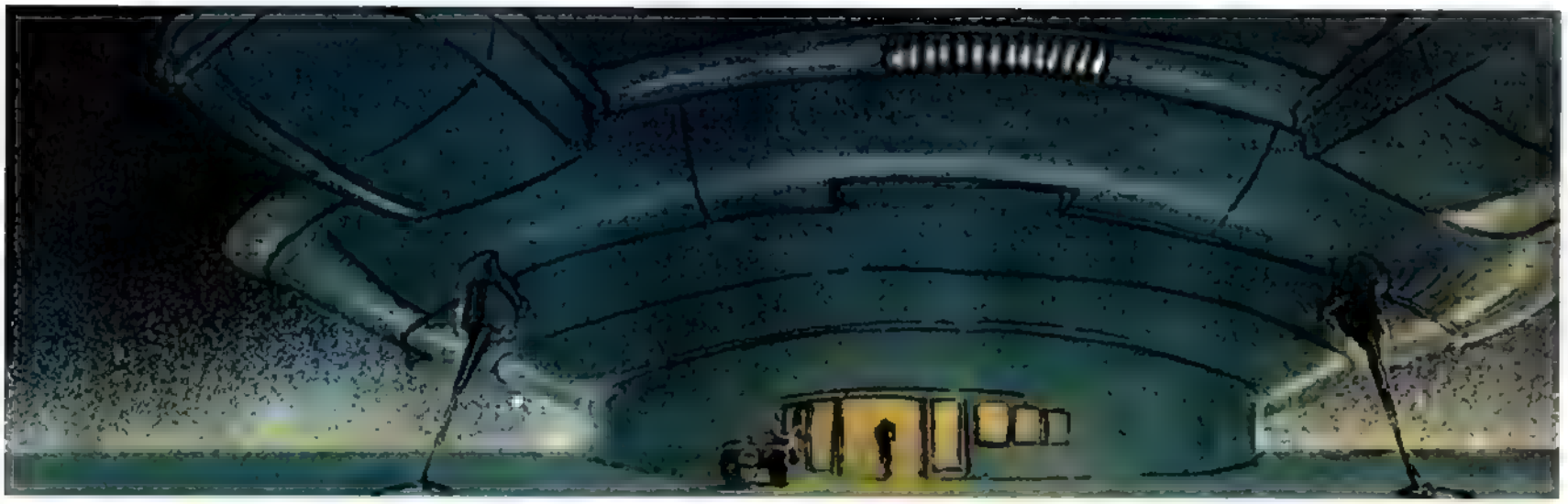
AAAAH!

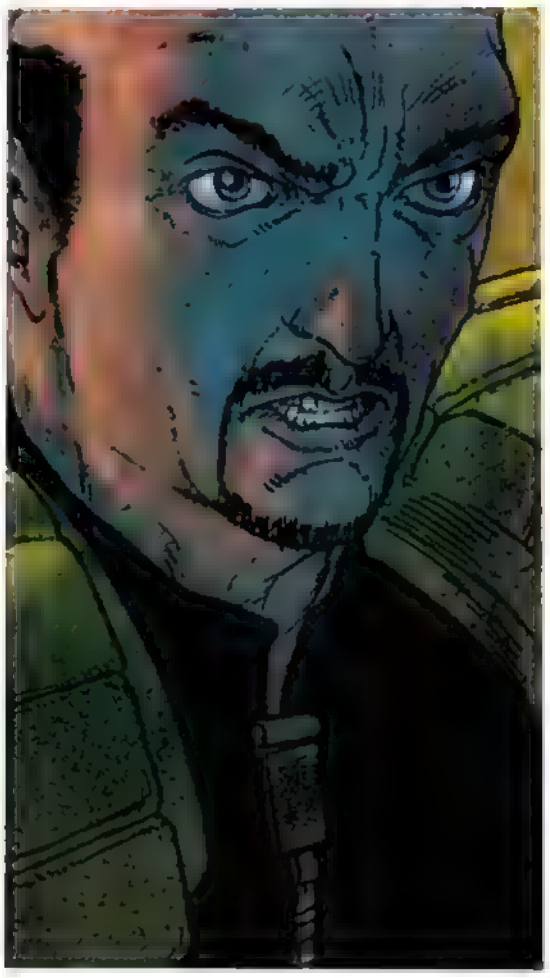
BURNAW!

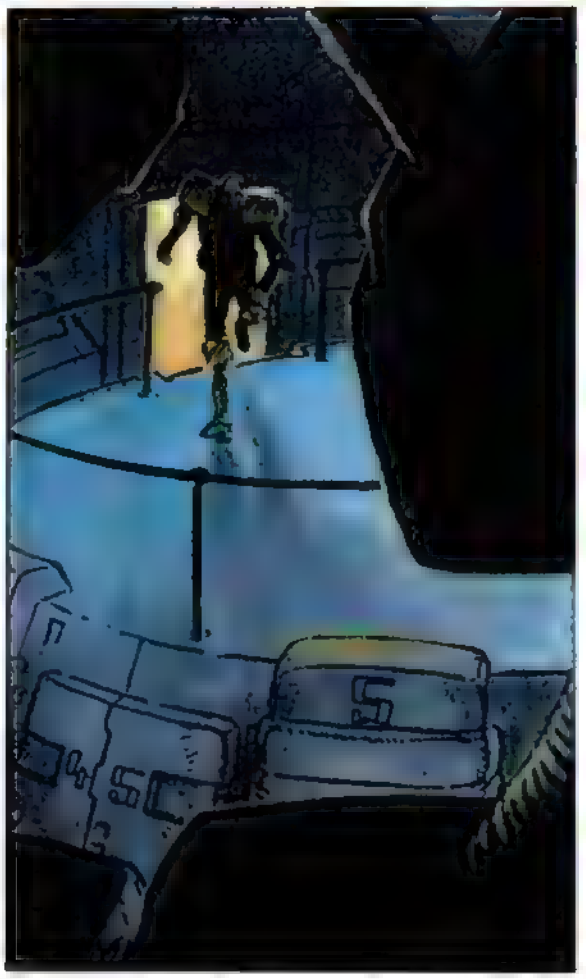
SCREEEE

+ PERPETRATOR ABSCONDING +

++ DETAIN ++ DETAIN ++ DETAIN + +







++ TRACKING ++

AAAAHHH!

CALL OFF THE UNITS, CONTROL! I HAVE A JOB TO DO— I WILL ALLOW **NOTHING** TO INTERFERE! IS THAT **UNDERSTOOD?**

WHOEVER THOUGHT OF BASING ITS PROGRAMME ON **DREDD** OUGHT TO HAVE HIS **BRAIN** EXAMINED—!

HI-EX.!

SHANNG

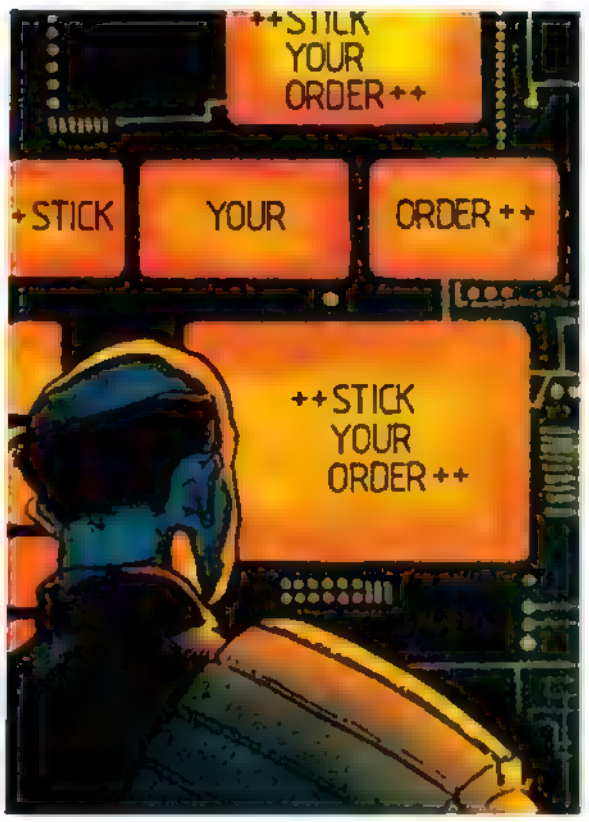
DREDD TO CONTROL— WE GOT THREE MORE JUDGES DOWN!

INFORM THE CHIEF JUDGE! I KNOW SHE'S TAKING A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THESE BOYS!

DREDD!

HYPERIORS

NUMBER 5! THIS IS STICH! I AM ORDERING YOU TO SHUT DOWN IMMEDIATELY! YOU MUST OBEY MY ORDER!


++STICK YOUR ORDER++
+STICK
YOUR
ORDER++
++STICK YOUR ORDER++

+I HAVE A JOB TO DO+

YOU ARE ATTACKING JUDGES! THAT IS NOT YOUR JOB!

+INTERFERING WITH A JUDGE IN THE EXECUTION OF ITS DUTY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE+

+THEY MUST BE PUNISHED+

AAAHHHHH!

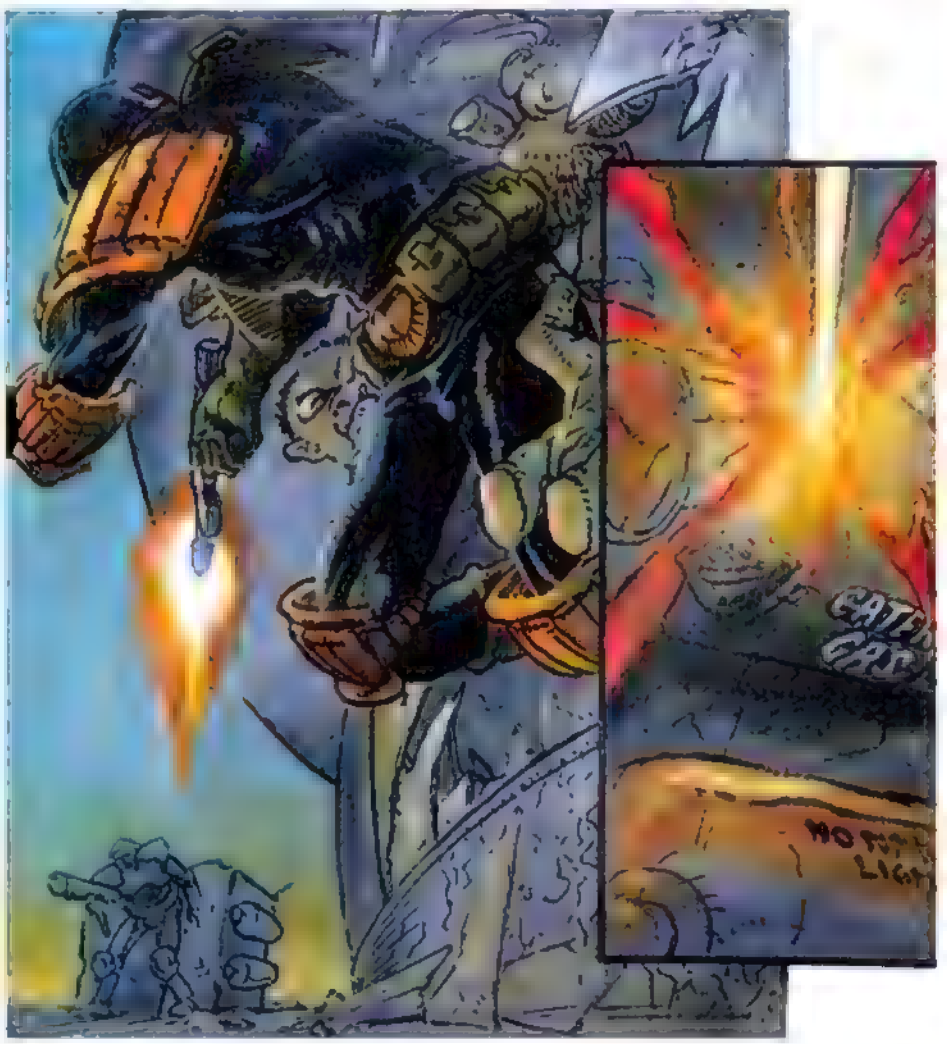
++WARNING! NO ONE IS ABOVE THE LAW++

HI-EX!

FAKOOM!
FAKOOM!
IT'S DOWN!

BUT NOT OUT, CREEPS!

AAAHH!



FADOOOOOMM!

PUMPHOUSE 9920

WAY TO GO, DREDD!

GRUD! THING DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT—

++DAMAGE WARNING++DAMAGE WARNING++

+COMBAT STATUS IMPAIRED+

+TAKE AVOIDING ACTION+

+URGENT+ URGENT+ URGENT+

I'LL BE BACK, LAWBREAKER'S!

IT'S BROKEN THROUGH INTO THE OLD PUMPHOUSE, CONTROL! SURROUND THE BUILDING!

PLIP!
++ TRACKING ++

CONTROL! THE ROBOT'S GOT THEM ON INFRA-RED! THEY'RE CLEAR TARGETS!

++TERMINATE
++TERMINATE
++TERMINATE

AAAHHHHH!

COME IN, NUMBER 5! YOUR TIME IS UP!

TRY RUNNING NOW, PAL —!

+ COMBAT STATUS DETERIORATING +

+AVOIDING ACTION +

++URGENT ++
URGENT ++
URGENT ++

GAS!

RESPIRATORS —!

IT'S MOVING, CONTROL—!

I'M LOSING CONTACT! IT'S GOING DEEPER INTO THE SYSTEM!

DAMN! THING JUST DOESN'T GIVE UP—!

TOO SLOW ON THE RESPIRATOR!

CONTROL! YOU GOT TWO FOR THE MEDS, ONE POSSIBLE FATALITY! HURRY IT UP!

++ASSESS DAMAGE++

++COMBAT STATUS IMPAIRMENT:
MOTOR: 71·3
SENSOR: 37[E-MIN 001/00]
NEURAL:
+CHECKING+CHECKING+CHECKING+

+NEURAL DAMAGE PROBABLE+
+SEEK RE-MEK URGENTMOST+
++IMPERATIVE! RETURN TO MECHANISMO BASE++

+ NEGATIVE +
++ DANGER ++

++JUDGES++ DANGER++JUDGES++DANGER++
"IT'S COMING THROUGH AGAIN, CONTROL!"

NUMBER 5! YOUR ACTIONS ARE FUTILE! YOU ARE DIRECTLY LINKED TO THIS CONTROL ROOM! WHEREVER YOU GO! WHATEVER YOU DO, I WILL KNOW! ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE!

I AM ORDERING YOU— DEACTIVATE!

THAT IS A DIRECT COMMAND! ACKNOWLEDGE MY COMMAND!

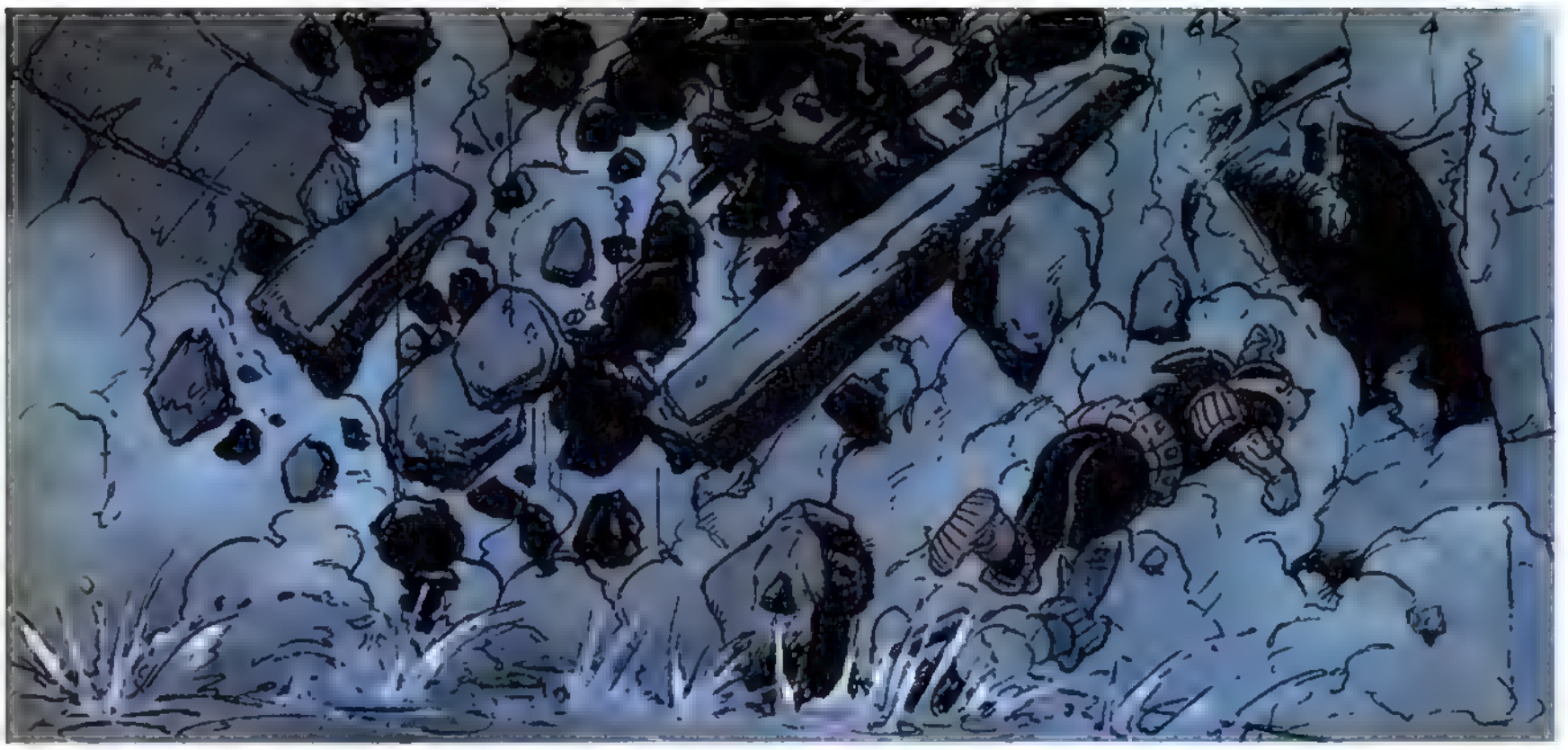
+ AURAL RECEPTORS TRACKING +

+ AMPLIFY + AMPLIFY +

PLISH!

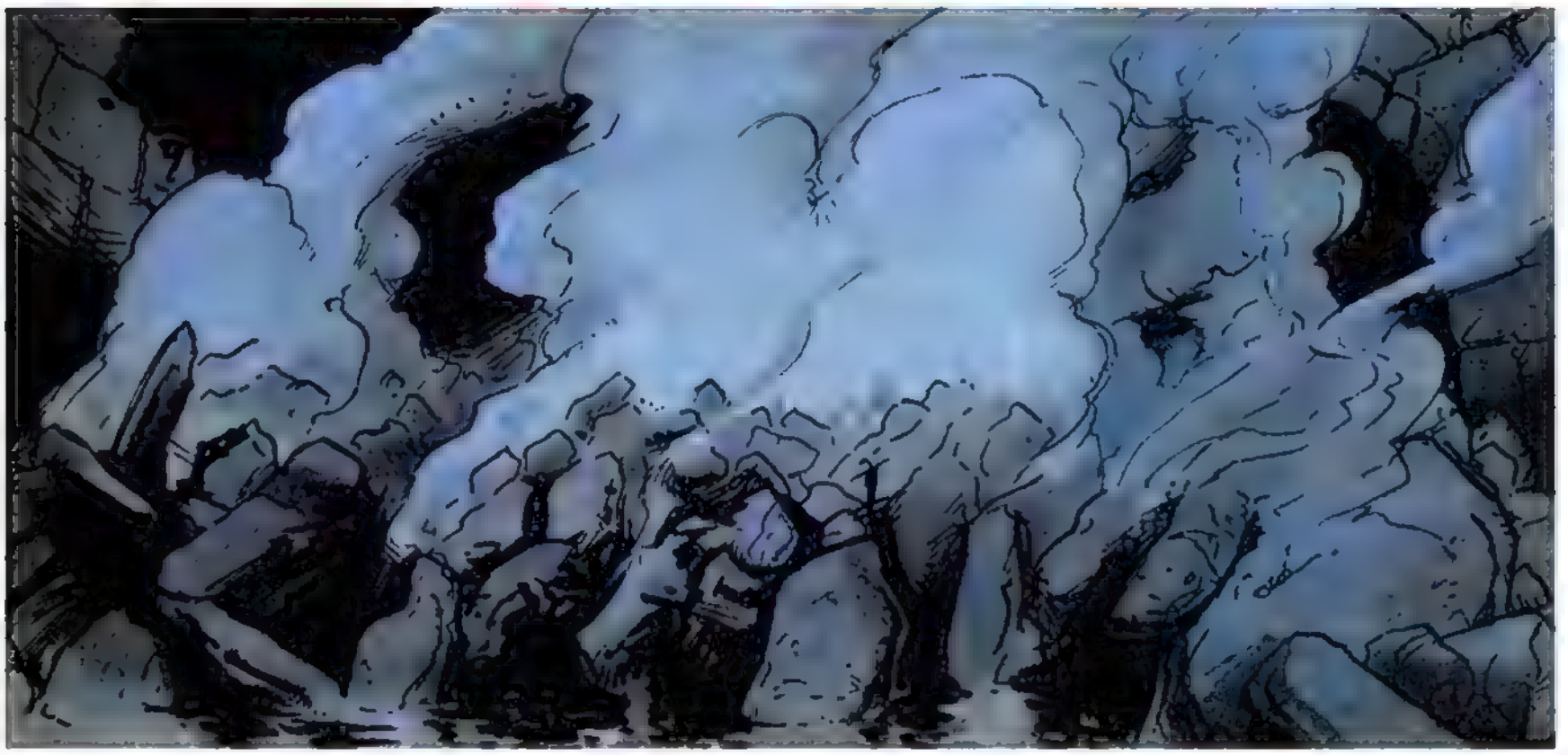
PLISH!

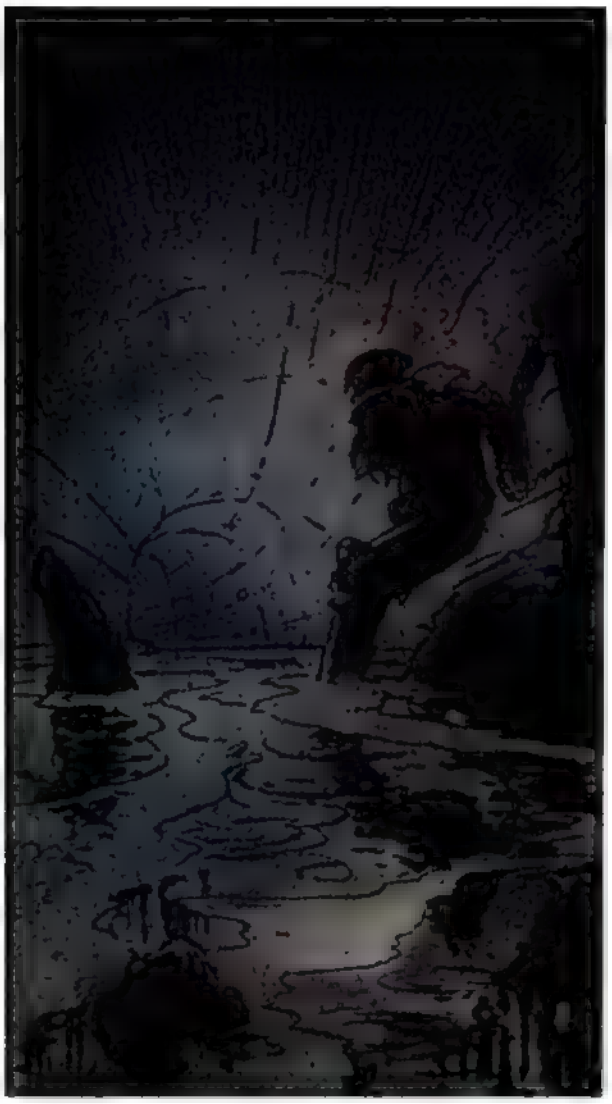
++ TERMINATE ++ TERMINATE ++ TERMINATE ++

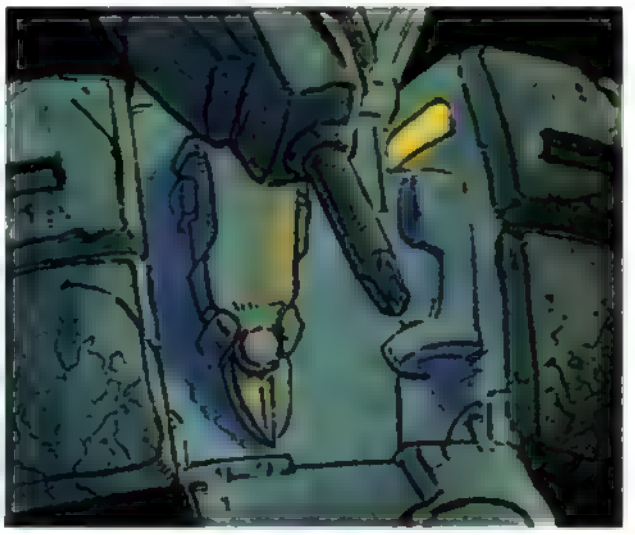


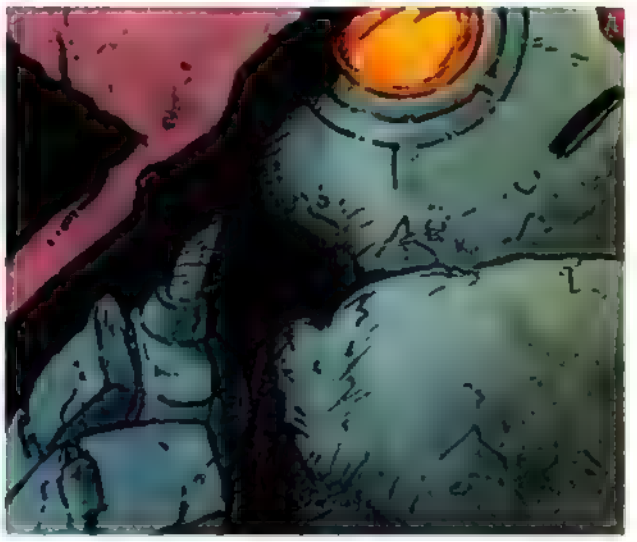
I'VE LOST CONTACT AGAIN, CONTROL!
IT FIRED A HI-EX SHELL— WERE THERE JUDGES IN THERE?

JUST ONE.
DREDD.









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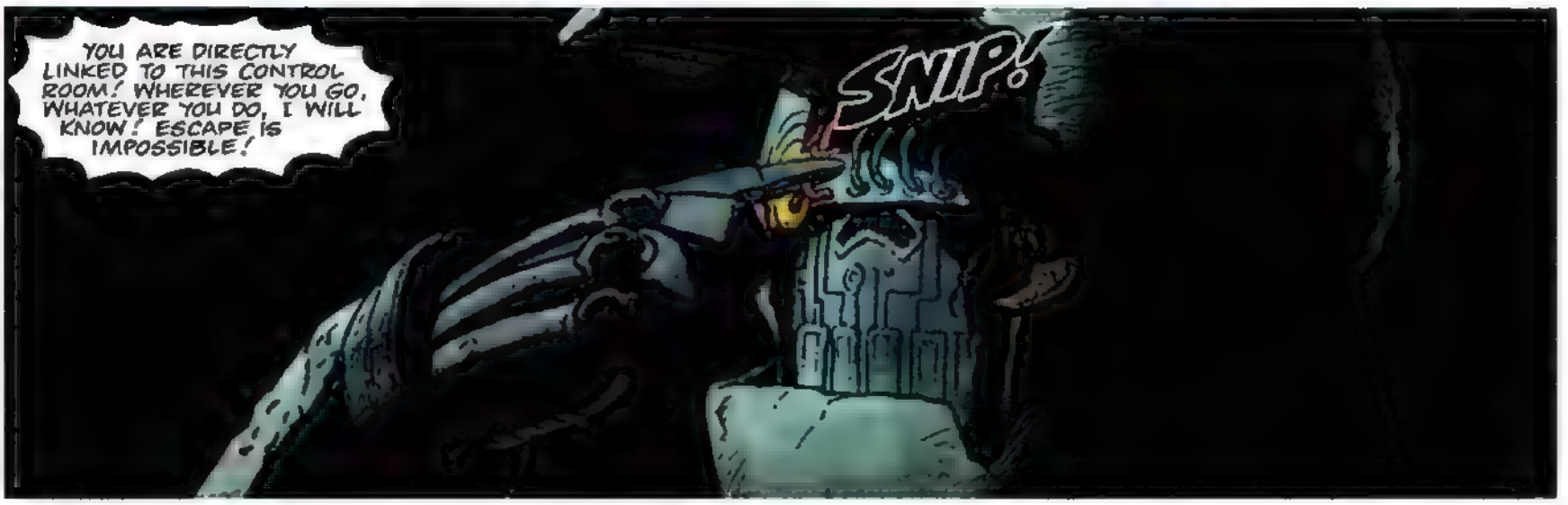
YOU ARE DIRECTLY LINKED TO THIS CONTROL ROOM! WHEREVER YOU GO, WHATEVER YOU DO, I WILL KNOW! ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE!
SNIP!

HE'S ALIVE!

WE GOT SIX JUDGES DEAD AND THREE INJURED ALREADY, CONTROL. I'M NOT IN A RUSH TO RISK ANY MORE.

AGREED. GET EVERYONE OUT OF THERE. WE'LL USE CAMERAS TO LOCATE IT.

I CAN ONLY SURMISE THAT THE MECHANICS FAILED TO PROPERLY DISCONNECT THE POWER SOURCE, CHIEF JUDGE. WE'VE CHECKED ALL THE OTHERS — THEY'RE SAFE.

WE'RE KEEPING A CONSTANT WATCH ON THE MONITORS. IF THE ROBOT COMES OUT OF THE SEWER SYSTEM, WE'LL KNOW.

QUITE POSSIBLY IT IS ALREADY NON-FUNCTIONAL.

WE SURE HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, STICH.

THIS WHOLE FIASCO IS MAKING IT REAL HARD TO PROCEED WITH THE PROJECT.

THERE'S A *LOT* OF KAYS OF TUNNEL DOWN THERE.

THESE BABIES GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO.

"IF IT'S THERE, THEY'LL FIND IT."

The Mega-Times

KILLER 'JUDGE' STILL MISSING

SEARCH FOR MECHANISMO ROBOT CONTINUES

The rogue robo-judge remains unfound, despite extensive searches by judges using specialised sensor cameras. The cameras have been scanning the sewers of Mega-City One for more than five days without success. A representative of

the rogue robo-judge soon. If it has survived, it can't evade our efforts for much longer. In all probability, the robo-judge was probably destroyed in the sewers."

DREDD LEAVES MED-BAY THIS AYEM

Judge Dredd, saviour of the city during the zombie war in

CHIEF JUDGE TO RECONSIDER ROBOT JUDGE PROGRAM

The deaths of several citizens at the hands of the so-called "Mechanismo" robots has cast doubt over their future. It is understood that Chief Judge McGruder is reconsidering the

WRITERS

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star *Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant**'s prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning* and the *Carnival of Doom*.

Garth Ennis first came to prominence as writer on *Troubled Souls*, the Northern Ireland-set series he created with John McCrea for *Crisis*. As well as scripting its sequel, *For a Few Troubles More*, and *True Faith* (created with Warren Pleece) for that title, he was also a regular contributor to *2000 AD* and the *Judge Dredd Megazine*, writing *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dogs, The Corps, Time Flies, Chopper*, and *Sleeze 'n' Ryder*. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', his well-received run on *Hellblazer* was followed by *Preacher*, the hugely successful DC Vertigo series he created with Steve Dillon, as well as titles such as *Hitman, Goddess, Bloody Mary*, and a lengthy run on *The Punisher*. He is currently writing *The Boys* which is published by Dynamite Entertainment.

Mark Millar is one of *2000 AD's* most prolific story creators, with many co-creation credits including *Babe Race 2000, Big Dave*, and *Slaughterbowl*. He has also written for *Judge Dredd , Judge Anderson, Rogue Trooper* and *Zenith* with Grant Morrison. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic Millar has written *The Authority, Aztek, Batman, The Ultimates*, and Vampirella. His creator-owned project, *Kick-Ass*, was turned into a feature film and directed by Matthew Vaughn.

ARTISTS

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd*, **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Anderson, Tharg the Mighty, Al's Baby* and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, Bloody Mary, Just a Pilgrim, Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Peter Doherty is primarily known to fans of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic' as artist of the *Young Death* series, which opened the *Judge Dredd Megazine's* first volume, but he has also contributed extensively to *Judge Dredd*, working on the epic *Judgment Day* as well as many shorter stories. Outside of *2000 AD*, Doherty's comic work includes *The Dreaming, Superman/Batman: World's Finest* and a *Grendel Tales* series.

The stunning painted artwork of **Greg Staples** has been a cover fixture of *2000 AD* for some years, but Staples has also contributed interiors, working on *Brigand Doom, The Clown*, Downlode *Tales, Judge Dredd, Sinister Dexter, Sláine, Tales of Telguuth* and *Terror Tales*.

John Hicklenton has illustrated a wide range of strips across both *2000 AD* and the Megazine, including *Heavy Metal Dredd, Judge Dredd, Mean Machine, Nemesis the Warlock, Pandora, Rogue Trooper, Strange Cases, Tharg's Future Shocks* and *Satanus III*. His work can also be seen in *Crisis!* Deadline and in *Zombie World* - the latter of which he worked on with Pat Mills. Unfortunately, John suffered from Multiple Sclerosis and after heroically struggling with the disease for many years, decided to take his own life with the assistance of Dignitas in Zurich on the 19th March 2010. His final work – the breathtaking *100 Months*, was published by Cutting Edge Press in November 2010.

Xuasus illustrated several strips in the *Judge Dredd Megazine* during the mid-nineties, including *Judge Dredd, Brit-Cit Brute, Judge Anderson* and *Judge Hershey*.

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper: Song of the Surfer* and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog: The Final Solution*. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award-winning *America* for the *Judge Dredd Megazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura, Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front: Stalingrad*, and, outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!

John Burns' painted art has graced several *2000 AD* series, notably *Judge Dredd* and *Nikolai Dante*, as well in as his own co-creation, *The Bendatti Vendetta*. He has also contributed to *Black Light, Doctor Sin, The Scarlet Apocrypha, Vector 13* and *Witchworld*. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he has pencilled Eclipse's *ESPers* and the *James Bond* miniseries, *A Silent Armageddon*.

John Higgins is a multi-talented *2000 AD* artist and writer; as well as scripting a *Future Shock* and *Judge Dredd*, Higgins has illustrated *Chopper, Freaks, One-Offs, Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is also highly respected, and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen*, and on Vertigo's *Animal Man, Hellblazer* and *Pride and Joy*.

John McCrea's striking art has graced various *2000 AD* strips including *Judge Dredd, Sinister Dexter* and *Chopper*. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest he is well known for his work on *Hitman* with celebrated writer Garth Ennis.

Carl Critchlow is a *2000 AD* artist whose popularity has grown significantly, thanks primarily to his work on the co-created semi-comic sci-fi strip *Lobster Random* and *Thrud The Barbarian*. He made his debut some years previously, however, working on *Nemesis and Deadlock*, then moving on to *Batman/Judge Dredd, Flesh, Flesh 3000AD, Future Shocks, Judge Dredd, Mean Machine* and *Tales of Telguuth*.

Barry Kitson is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* artist, whose pencils have graced *Judge Anderson, Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *Judge Dredd s* appearances in both the Daily Star and in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where Kitson co-created the deadly martial artist Stan Lee!

Co-creator of *Bad Company*, **Brett Ewins** has also contributed to *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Anderson, Judge Dredd, Rogue Trooper* and Universal Soldier.
Beyond *2000 AD*, Ewins was a co-founding editor of *Deadline* magazine, and co-pencilled and inked the hugely acclaimed *Skreemer* series. He also created *Johnny Nemo*, which has enjoyed great success through Cyberosia Publishing.

Anthony Williams is the co-creator of both *Babe Race 2000* and *Kola Kommandos*. During his *2000 AD* career, he has illustrated *Big Dave, Future Shocks, Judge Anderson, Judge Dredd, Mean Arena, Mean Machine, Robo-Hunter, Sinister Dexter, Sláine, Tharg the Mighty* and The V.C.s. Williams' work beyond *2000 AD* includes *Batman, Fate, Green Lantern, Superman, The Unfunnies*, and Games Workshop's *Titan*.

Ron Smith has drawn many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tales including *The Day The Law Died* and *The Judge Child*. A favourite amongst *2000 AD* fans, His other work includes *Chronos Carnival, Tales of The Doghouse* and the classic *Daily Star Dredd* strips.

Jon Haward has worked on several *2000 AD* strips over the years, including *Judge Dredd, Sinister Dexter, Tales of Telguuth* and *Future Shocks*. His other comic work includes *Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles, Biker Mice From Mars, Marvel Rampage* and *Wasted* with writer Alan Grant.

Jeff Anderson is now a Church of England vicar serving in the north east of England, but before ordination he worked for *2000 AD* on several *Future Shocks* and *Judge Dredd* strips, as well as working on *Death's Head* and *Knights of Pendragon* For Marvel UK. He was also the artist on the award-winning *Lion Graphic Bible*.

JUDGE DREDD

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Volume 18 sees Judge Dredd team up with the Emerald Isle's finest, Judge Joyce in Mega-city One, while straight from the pages of the *Judge Dredd Megazine* there are robotic rumblings aplenty in *Mechanismo & Mechanismo Returns!* This collection also features superstar creator, Mark Millar's first ever *Judge Dredd* story!

The thrills keep on coming with stories from John Wagner (*A History of Violence*), Garth Ennis (*Preacher, The Boys*) and Mark Millar (*Nemesis, Kick-Ass*) with art by Carlos Ezquerra (*Strontium Dog*), John McCrea (*Hitman*) and Greg Staples (*Sláine*) amongst many others.

2000 AD

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